

STRANGE

TALES

CRYPTO



THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S TALE

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A "LIVING CORPSE"?
DEAR READER? DO YOU BELIEVE THAT THE
DEAD CAN BE REVIVED? THAT THEY CAN BE
MADE TO LIVE ONCE AGAIN? THEN READ THIS
STORY. ONE OF THE BEST OF MY TERROR-
TALES THAT I KEEP HERE IN THE CRYPT! IT
IS THE STORY OF JAMES COOPER...AND HOW
HE CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD! I CALL IT...

A SHOCKING WAY TO DIE!

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MY STORY BEGINS IN A COURTROOM, CROWDED WITH THE CROWDS WHO HAVE COME TO WATCH A CONVICTED MURDERER BE SENTENCED TO DEATH...
AND IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT, JAMES COOPER, THAT YOU BE SENT TO STATE PRISON, AND THERE BE ELECTROCUTED ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 7TH...
AND MAY THE LORD HAVE MERCY ON YOUR SOUL!

NO...
NOT!



I'VE BEEN FRAMED! YOU'VE ALL AGAINST ME! BUT... I'LL GET EVEN! I'LL COME BACK... AND I'LL GET YOU! ALL OF YOU! I'LL HAVE REVENGE! YOU'LL SEE! I... LET'S GO, COOPER!



THE EVENING PAPERS CARRIED BLARING HEADLINES OF JAMES COOPER'S TRIUMPH...



BUT A FEW NIGHTS LATER, IN A RAMSHACKLED HOUSE, OUTSIDE OF TOWN...

FOR THE DEATH PRIZE, GENTLEMEN, I CAN BRING JAMES COOPER BACK FROM THE DEAD... REVIVE HIM AFTER HE HAS BEEN ELECTROCUTED!

WHAT? YOU CAN RAISE HIM LIVE AGAIN?



THAT IS CORRECT! I HAVE BEEN EXPERIMENTING ON ELECTROCUTION SEATING FOR MANY YEARS, AND HAVE BEEN SUCCESSFUL WITH ANIMALS! I HAVE LONGED TO EXPERIMENT ON A HUMAN... THAT IS WHY I'VE CONTACTED YOU!



AND SO... A FEW DAYS BEFORE JAMES COOPER WAS TO DIE IN THE ELECTRIC CHAIR... HE HAD A VISITOR IN THE DEATH HOUSE...



WHAT DO YOU THINK, JIMMY? WANT TO CHANGE IT?

OF COURSE, YOU FOOL! WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? PAY HIM HIS MONEY!

THE DEAL WAS MADE, AND ON THE NIGHT OF NOVEMBER 7TH, AT THE APPOINTED HOUR...



ALL RIGHT, COOPER! LET'S GO!

SURE, GUARD? SURE!

DOWN THE LONG CORRIDOR TO THE LITTLE GREEN DOOR, THE CONVICTED MAN... PLANNED BY THE WARDEN AND A GUARD... SLOWLY MADE HIS WAY...DOWN THE "LAST MILE."



THE HEAVY DOOR SWUNG OPEN! INSIDE, SAT REPORTERS ARRANGED TO COVER THE EXECUTION...



OUTSIDE THE DARK GREY WALLS, IN THE PRISON YARD, STOOD A BLACK HEARSE. A FACE PEERED OUT FROM BEHIND SHOWN CURTAINS...



WHILE WITHIN, THE PRISONER WAS BEING STRAPPED INTO THE LETHAL CHAIR...



ELECTRODES WERE FASTENED INTO PLACE...

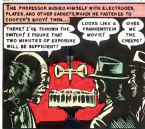
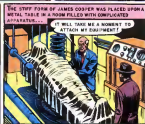


A SMALL MAN STEPPED TO A CONTROL PANEL AND PULLED A SWITCH...



THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH AND BIRCHEN HAIR FILLED THE ROOM AS THE LIGHTS DIMMED! AFTER A FEW MOMENTS, A DOCTOR STEPPED FORWARD AND PLACED HIS STETHOSCOPE ON JAMES COOPER'S HEART...





SLOWLY THE DRAPED FIGURE STIRRED... THEN SAT UP! THE SHEET FELL, WHAT ARE...





IT WAS TRUE! JAMES COOPER'S BURNED AND SEARED BODY DID LOOK WORSE! IT SEEMED TO BE... ~~NOT TRUE!~~

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE IT, JIMMY! THEY'VE TURNED THE MEAT ON...

WHO CARES? I'LL DEF THEM EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM!



AGAIN THAT NIGHT, JAMES COOPER STALKED A VICTIM...

THAT TAKES CARE OF YOU, JUROR NUMBER TWO!



AND THE PAPERS PLAYED IT UP...

TAR NEWS

SECOND JUROR FOUND MURDERED

POLICE SEARCHING FOR A NEW KNOWN MEMBER OF COOPER GANG

COURTROOM PROMISE TO RETURN IS FULFILLED!

THE POLICE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR A NEW KNOWN MEMBER OF COOPER GANG SINCE THE MURDER OF JUROR NUMBER TWO. THE SEARCH WAS FRUITLESS UNTIL THE COURTROOM PROMISE TO RETURN WAS FULFILLED. THE POLICE HAD BEEN SEARCHING FOR A NEW KNOWN MEMBER OF COOPER GANG SINCE THE MURDER OF JUROR NUMBER TWO. THE SEARCH WAS FRUITLESS UNTIL THE COURTROOM PROMISE TO RETURN WAS FULFILLED.

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RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! I'LL TALK... I'LL TALK! IT'S COOPER! HE'S ALIVE!

YOU'RE LYING!



FEAR? THEN WHY DON'T YOU LOOK IN HIS GRAVE FOR HIS BODY?

HOWAM I GET THE NECESSARY PAPERS? WE'LL TAKE THIS STODOLIE'S SUGGESTION!



BY COURT ORDER, THE GRAVE OF JAMES COOPER WAS OPENED...



IT... IT'S EMPTY! HE IS ALIVE!



IT CAN'T BE! I WOULDN'T BELIEVE IF I HADN'T SEEN IT WITH MY OWN EYES!

THAT NIGHT, JAMES COOPER AGAIN FOMOED THE CITY, BEING CAREFUL TO KEEP OUT OF SIGHT? HE WAS A CRAZY THING TO SEE! HIS FLESH HAD ALMOST COMPLETELY DECAYED FROM HIS BODY!

WHILE THE COPS ARE GUARDING THE JUDGE, I'LL GET THE JUDGE THAT SENTENCED ME...



HIS HORROROUS FACE PEERED INTO THE STUDY OF JUDGE WARREN HAWLEY...

GOOD! HE'S ALONE!



SLOWLY HE OPENED THE FRENCH DOORS AND ENTERED...

COOPER? GOOD LORD? WHAT? WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE...

I... I'VE COME TO... TO KILL YOU, JUDGE!



THE JUDGE SNATCHED A FORK FROM THE NEARBY FIREPLACE... AND AS COOPER ADVANCED TOWARD HIM...

KEEP AWAY, COOPER... KEEP AWAY! ALL RIGHT! YOU FORCE ME TO...

YAAAAAH!



THE BLOW FROM THE HEAVY IRON FORK CAUGHT COOPER ACROSS THE FACE, AND THE REMAINING FLESH FELL AWAY... THEN...

HE... HE COLLAPSED INTO A HEAP OF BONES... AND DECAYED AWAY!



LATER, AFTER THE CORONER HAD EXAMINED COOPER'S REMAINS...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT, JUDGE! YOU SAY HE TALKED AND WALKED? ACCORDING TO MY TESTS, HE'S BEEN DEAD SINCE NOVEMBER 7TH!

DEAD? BUT, HE LIVED... I SAW HIM...



YES, JUDGE? COOPER LIVED? AT LEAST HE MOVED... AND TALKED! BUT HE WAS A LIVING CORPSE? AND HIS BODY CONTINUED TO DECAY, AS ALL DEAD BODIES DO? GOOD, HE HAD DECAYED TO SUCH A POINT THAT EVEN THE 'LIFE' THAT THE POOR OLD PROFESSOR HAD GIVEN HIM SLIPPED AWAY? TOO BAD, THOUGH! HE WAS GOING TO LOOK REAL PRETTY! DIDN'T FEEL THAT SO? WELL... FOR SOME SPINE-TINGLING TALK, READ ON...

IF YOU CAN'T JUST DON'T GO TO PHOENIX LIKE POOR OLD JIMMY?



THIS IS THE TALE OF TWO PEOPLE WHO VISITED AN AMUSEMENT PARK...AND WERE *NOT* AMUSED! I CALL IT...

TERROR RIDE!



GEORGE AND RUTH HAD BEEN DRIVING FOR HOURS WHEN THEY SAW THE SIGN...

LOOK, GEORGE!
AN AMUSEMENT
PARK! LET'S
STOP FOR A WHILE!

OKAY, RUTH!
WE CAN TAKE IN
SOME *ROBERT*!



THE COOL SEPTEMBER AIR STIRRED LATELY AS THEY ENTERED THE SHABBY GATES AND WALKED DOWN THE BOARDWALK...

OH, DEAR! THE
ROLLER COASTER
IS CLOSED UP!

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE
PLACE IS BOARDED
UP WITH THE SEASONS
ONCE, YOU KNOW!



GEORGE AND RUTH STOOD ALONE
ON THE BELENTED MIDWAY...



SEE? I GUESS
WE MIGHT AS
WELL LEAVE!

YEAH!
TOO BAD!

SUDDENLY

WHAT'S THAT,
RUTH?

SOUNDS LIKE
WATER
SPLASHING!



OH LOOK,
GEORGE!
HOW QUANT!

AN OLD MILL
RIDE... WITH A
WATER-
WHEEL!



I'M GLAD AT LEAST ~~ONE~~
RIDE IS OPEN! LET'S
TRY IT!

I... I DON'T KNOW, GEORGE!
IT'S ALWAYS SO ~~DARK~~
IN THOSE THINGS...



MMMM! WHAT BETTER
PLACE TO TAKE MY
~~NEW DRESS~~ THAN ON A
DARK BOAT RIDE!

OH, GEORGE!
STOP!

HOW
BARE, PLEASE!



TWO! AREN'T VERY
BARE, ARE THEY?

NO! NOT MANY PEOPLE COME
HERE THIS TIME OF YEAR!
ALL RIGHT - TAKE THE NEXT
BOAT!



COMFORTABLE,
GOREY?

SHUS AS
A BOB!

HAVE A PLEASANT
TRIP, FOLKS!



THE BOAT WITH GEORGE AND RUTH MOVED SLOWLY TOWARD THE TANNING BLACK MOUTH OF THE TUNNEL...

THIS LOOKS LIKE IT'S GOING TO BE *FUN*...

PLEASE, GEORGE? THE MAN WILL *NEAR* YOU...



AND THEN...

COULD IT BE DARK?

...THE DARKER THE BETTER!



YOU'RE *FRESH*, GEORGE. AMHOLO?

DID YOU FORGET WHO YOU JUST *MARRIED* TODAY, MRS. AMHOLO? NOW GIVE A...



SUDDENLY, A LIGHT FLASHED ON...

WHAT THE...?



OH, IT'S JUST ONE OF THOSE *WAX DISPLAYS* THEY HAVE IN THESE RIDES!

BUT... IT LOOKS... SO *REAL*!



THE BOAT MOVED SLOWLY FORWARD, AND THE DISPLAY DARKENED AGAIN...

THOSE *WAX FIGURES*, WHEN THEY'RE DONE BY AN EXPERT, ALWAYS *DO* LOOK *REAL*! NOW WHERE *WERE* WE?

YOU WERE ABOUT TO GIVE ME A...



HOW *HORRIBLE*!

SAY! THIS ISN'T *FUNNY* ANY MORE! THESE DISPLAYS ARE... *REPULSIVE*!





AS THE FRIGHTENED COUPLE
SPLASHED THROUGH THE BLACK
TUNNEL...

GREAT SCOTT! I JUST
THOUGHT OF SOME-
THING, RUTH!

BRIEF!



THAT CORPSE WAS
REAL! MAYBE THE
DISPLAYS WERE
REAL TOO!

OH, NO...
AND...



ON THROUGH THE BURNY DARKNESS
THEY WAGED...

WE'LL BE
OUT SOON!

I SAID...I'M
FISHED! I'VE GOT
TO REST,
GEORGE!



HERE! HERE'S A
PLACE TO SIT
DOWN!

THANK GOODNESS!
I'M ABOUT READY
TO...



SUDDENLY, THE PLACE WHERE THEY HAVE STOPPED IS
FLOODED WITH LIGHT...

IT'S ANOTHER
DISPLAY...

IT IS REAL...BEHOLD...
IT IS REAL!



FEAR AND TERROR CLUTCHED AT THEIR HEARTS AS
GEORGE AND RUTH RUSHED FROM THE HORRIBLE
SCENE FURTHER INTO THE DRY BLOOM...

HERE! HERE'S AN
EMPTY DISPLAY!
YOU CAN REST
HERE!

IT LOOKS...LIKE
SOME KIND OF
TORTURE CHAIR...



AS SOON AS YOU CATCH
YOUR BREATH, WE'LL
GET OUT OF HERE, RUTH!

THE OWNER...HE MUST
BE A *BRILLIANT*! A
HOMICIDAL MAMMOT...





FOO? DIDN'T LAUGH AT MY EXHIBITS...DID YOU?

GEORGE? IT'S HIM?

LOOK AT HIS EYES... HE IS DEAD!



ALL SUMMER THEY LAUGHED AT MY EXHIBITS, THE FOOLS! THEY SAID MY WAX DUMMIES DIDN'T LOOK REAL! NOW I CAN SHOW THEM! HEH-HEH...

RUTH, GET READY TO MAKE A BANG FOR IT!

NO MORE WILL THEY LAUGH! NOW MY EXHIBITS LOOK REAL! BECAUSE I USE REAL PEOPLE! AND THIS IS MY LAST DISPLAY, A MEDIEVAL FORTUNE CHAMBER! THANKS TO YOU FIVE LIKE THE OTHERS WHO WANDERED INTO THE DESERTED AMUSEMENT PARK AND FOUND THIS RIDE...

...I WILL BE ABLE TO FINISH IT! THERE'S NO USE RUNNING...YOU CAN'T GET OUT! THE EXIT IS CLOSED...AND LOCKED!

RUN, RUTH! RUN!

HAH-HAH! I'LL GET YOU... NEVER FEAR...



THERE! BEEP...BEEP...HE'S CARRYING BEEP! HE WANTS TO PUT US ON THAT JETTER BEEP!BEEP!

GEORGE...HE'S COMING AFTER US...



THERE, GEORGE...THE END OF THE TUNNEL...

AND THE EXIT...IT IS LOCKED!



IT WAS THE MOST UNUSUAL FRATERNITY INITIATION EVER SEEN ON THE CAMPUS. . . OR ON ANY OTHER CAMPUS, FOR THAT MATTER! THE THREE FLEDGEEs WERE TAKEN OUT TO THE OLD PALMER HOME ON THAT INFAMOUS NIGHT FIFTEEN YEARS AGO, AND INSTEAD OF THE PLACE BEING AMUSINGLY HAUNTED, IT TURNED INTO A—

HOUSE OF HORROR



IT WAS ON A NIGHT IN 1884 THAT THIS STRANGE TALE HAD ITS BEGINNING! TODAY, FIFTEEN YEARS LATER, THERE IS STILL NO EXPLANATION FOR WHAT HAPPENED AT THE PALMER PLACE!



GET A LOAD OF L.P.S. WILTON BACK THERE... SCARING THE WITS OUT OF THOSE POOR FRESHMEN!

HE'S GONE ABOUT PREPARING THIS HOUSE FOR THE INITIATION AS IF IT WERE THE CLOSING CEREMONIES OF THE 19th CENTURY!

HE CLAIMS THAT EVEN IF IT WAS JUST AN OLD DUMP BEFORE... IT IS HAUNTED NOW!



AND AS THE LAST STEP IN YOUR
RADING, BOYS, YOU'LL HAVE TO
PASS THE TEST OF COURAGE!
A LONELY JOURNEY INTO THE
OLD PALMER PLACE, WHICH
LEGEND TELLS US IS
HAUNTED!



EACH ONE OF YOU WILL FOLLOW
THE INSTRUCTIONS I GAVE
ON THE RIDE OUT HERE! IF
ANYONE WANTS TO DROP
OUT NOW, LET HIM SPEAK UP
OR SHUT HIS MOUTH FOR-
EVER! EVERYONE
READY?

Y-YES, I-I GUESS
SO.



HERE'S YOUR LIGHT, HENDERSON.
YOU MIGHT AS WELL START THE
GALL-ROLLING! AND REST AS-
SURED OF ONE THING, BOYS... THIS
IS NO SCHOOLBOY PRANK, AS
YOU'LL SOON LEARN!
HEH, HEH!



WAVE THAT LANTERN AT US
FROM THE FIRST AND SECOND
LANDINGS, HENDERSON! AND
JUST JOKE YOUR HEELS IN THE
ATTIC TILL I COME UP FOR YOU!
IF YOU'RE NOT ALREADY BATHED
IN GOLD SWEAT, THAT IS!



YOU'RE DRIVING THESE FRESHMEN
PRETTY HARD, LEE. YOU
MUST HAVE GIVEN THIS
PLACE QUITE A BUILD-
UP, BECAUSE THEY
LOOKED SCARED TO
DEATH! FROM THE
LOOK IN HENDERSON'S
EYE, HE'D KILL YOU
IN A MINUTE IF HE
HAD THE CHANCE!



T-THERE HE
IS NOW
WAVING THAT
LANTERN
AT THE FIRST
FLOOR WINDOW!

NOW THE FUN
STARTS! I WENT
THROUGH THAT
PLACE LAST
WEEK, RIGGED
A FEW CON-
TRAPTIONS FOR
THE BOYS TO
TRIP OVER!
DOUGHT TO BE GOOD
FOR SOME LAUGHS
BEFORE THE EVE-
NING'S OVER!



THERE HE IS AGAIN!
POOR KID MUST
HAVE RAN ALL THE
WAY UP TO THE
SECOND FLOOR! AS
IF THERE WAS A
GHOST BEHIND 'EM!





THERE MAY BE MORE THAN GHOSTS BEHIND 'EM BOYS. HEH, HEH!

ONE OF 'EM MAY HAVE GOTTEN REMINDERSON THEN 'CAUSE IT'S BEEN SEVERAL MINUTES SINCE WE SAW HIM AT THE SECOND FLOOR... AND IT DOESN'T TAKE THAT LONG TO GET UP TO THE ATTIC!



JUST A BORN PRANK, THAT'S ALL! THINKS HE'LL TURN THE TABLES AND SCARE US A BIT! PROBABLY SITTING UP THERE IN THE ATTIC, WAITING TO JUMP OUT AND TELL BOB AT ME WHEN I COME UP TO RELIEVE HIM!

SO WE'LL HAVE A LITTLE CHANGE OF PLANS. TO MEET THE EMERGEN CYE INSTEAD OF LES WILTON GOING UP THERE. WE'LL PICK THE SECOND FLEDGEE! HEY, WATERS!



M-METTY-Yeah, BE RIGHT THERE!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT WILTON'S GOT THESE FRESH-MON SHAKES IN THEIR BOOTS! NO-GUT SHOULD NORMALLY TREM BLE AT THE THOUGHT OF ASSAULTED HOUSE... UNLESS HE THOUGHT THERE WAS DIRTY WORK AFOOT!



HMM... MORE THERE IS?

HEH HEH! LOOK AT HIS FACE, WILL YOU! IMAGINE THAT... A GROWN MAN, SHAKING LIKE A TEEN-AGE GAIL GOING PAST A GRAVEYARD!



I'M GOING TO THINK THAT I WOULDN'T LIKE THIS SET-UP MYSELF!

WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO TO THAT HOUSE, WILTON? THESE BOYS HAVE A LOOK OF ABSOLUTE SPREAD ON THEIR FACES!



AH, IT'S NOTHING! JUST A COUPLE LOOSE STEPS, A FEW CORNERS, SOME SOLICARY DOORS.

LET'S HAPPENED AGAIN. WATERS NEVER REACHED THAT ATTIC WINDOW! I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS.



AH, THEY PROBABLY TURNED RIGHT AROUND FROM THE SECOND FLOOR... AN WE'LL FIND 'EM HIDING NEAR THE FRONT DOOR! IF THESE GUYS HAVEN'T THE GUTS TO GO UP THERE... THEN THEY'RE NOT FIT TO BE GAMMA DELTAS!

YOU ARLING? C'MON OVER HERE!
YOU'RE NEXT, MAN... GO UP TO THAT
ATTIC AND TELL THOSE PALS OF
YOURS TO STOP THEIR MONKEY-
SHINES! THIS IS A FRATERNITY
IMITATION... NOT A SCHOOLBOY
PRANK!



I-I DON'T
THINK I...
I G... GAVE
TO GO!

YOU'LL GO ALL RIGHT,
OR THE Y'LL FIND YOU
IN A DITCH! I DIDN'T
RIS UP THIS PLACE
JUST TO HAVE A
COUPLA PUNKS SPOL
OUR FUN! IF THE
THREE OF YOU ARE
PLANNING TO GIVE
ME A SCARE, YOU'LL
REGRET IT!



W... WE DIDN'T PLAN ANY JOKES
LIKE T... THAT! AND I DON'T LIKE
THE LOOKS OF THIS... IT'S IN
NOT LIKE WATERS AND HENDER-
SON TO FOOL AROUND! B... BUT
I'LL GO!



SPOKE LIKE A
REAL GAMMA
DELTA-BE!

HUH, HUH? LOOK AT 'EM SHAKING!
BET THE OTHER TWO'LL HAVE
A BIG SURPRISE FOR ARLING.
THINKING IT'S THEIR BELOVED
LES WILTON!

MAYBE THE
KID'S RIGHT, LES.
MAYBE SOME-
THING WAS SO
WRONG UP
THERE!



BUTS! NOTHING'S WRONG UP
THERE... ARLING'S AT THE FIRST
FLOOR SAFE AND SOUND! FROM
THE LOOK ON HIS FACE HE MUST
HAVE STUMLED OVER THAT
SKELETON I BORROWED FROM
THE LAB, TOO!



HE'S AT THE... ON HIS WAY TO THE
SECOND... ATTIC! HOLD YOUR
BREATH, BOYS...

HERE'S WHERE THE
REAL FUN BEGINS...
IN THE NEXT SIXTY
SECONDS.



FIVE MINUTES,
WILTON... AND
NO SIGN OF
ARLING! ALL
THREE OF 'EM
GONE!

THE STUPID PUNKS... TOO YELLOW TO
TAKE THAT LAST FLIGHT OF STEPS!
I'LL SHOW 'EM REAL FEAR...



SIMPLE THAT LIGHT, JENKINS. I'LL GO UP THERE MYSELF FIRST TO PROVE TO ALL OF YOU THAT THERE'S NO DANGER UP THERE AND SECOND, TO KICK THOSE GUYS OUT OF THAT PLACE. AND OUT OF THE GAMMA DELTA!



MAYBE WE SHOULDN'T HAVE LET WILTON PLAN THIS WHOLE INITIATION BY HIMSELF? HE'S LIKELY TO GO OVERBOARD ON THIS HAZING BUSINESS. THE BOYS IN THAT HOUSE MAY HAVE HUNT THEMSELVES!

FOR ALL WE KNOW HE MIGHT HAVE STUCK SOME RATTLESNAKES IN THE OLD DUMPF



I TOLD YOU I DIDN'T LIKE THIS WHOLE SET-UP! THE WINDOW... IT'S BEEN SMASHED!

I... IT'S WILTON!

THOUGHT I'D INJECT A LITTLE EXCITEMENT INTO THIS INITIATION. DO I LOOK ANY THE WORSE FOR WEAR?



NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT HERE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER



FIFTEEN MINUTES SINCE WE SAW WILTON!

IS THERE *ANY* SOMETHING WRONG UP THERE?

THE SECONDS TICKED BY IN THAT LONELY AREA KNOWN AS RALLIER'S PLACE. SECONDS BECAME MINUTES... AND THE MINUTES STRETCHED INTERMINABLY.



SOMETHING'S GOING ON IN THAT HOUSE THAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT! AND THE WAY THOSE THREE FRESHMAN HATED WILTON... THEY MAY HAVE GIVEN HIM A BAD BEATING!

I... I HOPE IT'S ONLY *TRAP*! LET'S HURRY!



WE'LL COMB THIS PLACE UNTIL WE FIND ALL FOUR OF 'EM! MINE. FRED SEARCH EACH ROOM WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB! WE'LL SET THIS THING STRAIGHTENED OUT IF IT TAKES THE REST OF THE NIGHT!

NOT A TRACE OF ANY-ONE IN THE FRONT ROOM

OR ANY OF THE OTHERS EITHER? THE QUIET WASN'T EVEN DISTURBED!

AND OUTSIDE, NO FOOT-PRINTS! WHICH MEANS THEY'RE ALL STILL IN THE HOUSE!

NO ONE ON THE SECOND FLOOR EITHER? AND SINCE NO ONE COULD HAVE LEFT THE HOUSE... THEY MUST ALL BE UP THERE!

T. THE ATTIC?

T. THIS IS PROBABLY WILTON'S IDEA OF A JOKE. HAZING THE WHOLE BUNCH OF US? W. WELL... HERE GOES!

T. THE DOOR, IT OPENS EASILY! AS IF SOME-ONE ELSE OPENED IT BEFORE WE'D... OH!

G-O-O-O-O HEAVENS!

I... IT'S WILTON! H... HE'S AGED FIFTY YEARS IN THE LAST FEW MINUTES. H... HIS HAIR... IT'S TURNED WHITE!

H... HE LOOKS AS IF HE'S GONE INSANE! LISTEN TO HIS MOANING!

NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE THIS... NEVER EVEN HEARD OF ITS EQUAL! THAT WILTON! NO! CAN'T GET A COHERENT WORD OUT OF HIM! HIS MIND... IT'S CRACKED... HE'S COMPLETELY INSANE! AND THE OTHERS... VANISHED!

AGAIN AND AGAIN THE POLICE SEARCHED THE BUILDING THE NEXT FEW DAYS BUT NO FURTHER INFORMATION WAS UNCOVERED...

...AND THEN ABOUT A WEEK AFTER THE NIGHT OF HORROR

THERE SHE GOES... CONSUMED TO FLAMES BY THE COUNTY COMMISSIONER! AND WITH IT... THE LAST TRACE OF WHAT HAPPENED TO ARLING, WATERS AND HENDERSON!

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO IT HAPPENED AND NO EXPLANATION HAS EVER BEEN FOUND AS TO THE DISAPPEARANCE OF THE THREE FRESHMEN. OR WHAT AWFUL HORRORS LET WILTON SAW IN THE MOMENTS BEFORE HIS MIND CRUMBLLED!

WITHIN HALF-AN-HOUR THE POLICE HAD ARRIVED AT PALMER'S PLACE... AND A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THE PREMISES REVEALED ONE STARTLING FACT

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



GREETINGS, DEAR READER! WE MEET AGAIN! REMEMBER ME? I AM THE OLD WITCH! IN EACH ISSUE OF THIS, THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S MAGAZINE, I BURN A FEARFUL TALE HERE IN MY CAULDRON! THIS TIME, I HAVE DOORED UP A GUILLET-DILLET! I BURN IT...

**DEATH
SUITED
HIM!**

MY STORY BEGINS ON A BLACK NIGHT IN A DESERTED GRAVEYARD! THE SOUND OF DIGGING SHATTERS THE DEAD SILENCE.

JUST THIS LAST TALK, JOHN BAXTER... AND THEN, TOMORROW MORNING, MY VICTORY WILL BE COMPLETE!



WELCH, THE DARK FIGURE BARGES THE SOFT EARTH, OPENING THE EVER-WIDENING BLACK HOLE...

A FEW MORE FEET AND I'LL REACH YOUR COFFIN, JOHN BAXTER... AND THAT CURSED FOXGLO? THEN... I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING!





WHAT DOES THIS STRANGE FELLOW WHO DIES AT GRAVES IN THE BLADE OF NIGHT WANT WITH BARTER'S TUXEDO, YOU ASK? LET ME TELL YOU HIS STORY WHILE HE LIVES!



HIS NAME IS LAWRENCE CABOTT WE HAVE TO GO BACK INTO THE PAST... TO LAWRENCE CABOTT'S COLLEGE DAYS... TO PICK UP HIS STORY!

HEY, CABOTT? I HEAR YOU AND JOHN BARTER ARE BOTH NOT ORIGINALLY ANDERSON!

CUT IT OUT, WILL YOU, DAN?



YOU'RE GOING HAVE TO GO SOME TO GET ~~HER~~ LARRY! BARTER'S OLD MAN'S SON DOWN, YOU KNOW?

THAT'S JUST MY TROUBLE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE HER OUT LIKE JOHN DOES!



THAT'S THE WAY IT WAS! JOHN BARTER AND LAWRENCE CABOTT WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL! JOHN WAS RICH... WHILE LARRY JUST MANAGED TO SCRAPE UP ENOUGH TO GET THROUGH COLLEGE...

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR, LARRY, ISN'T IT?

SURE, JOHNNY BART!



AND THEN THAT FATEFUL DAY ARRIVED! THE FRATERNITY THAT JOHN AND LARRY BELONGED TO WAS INVITED TO A GRADUATION DANCE, GIVEN BY NANCY ANDERSON'S SOCIETY...

...AND IT'S **STRICTLY FORMAL**, YOU GUYS! ROBERT DOES WITHOUT A FUFF!

WHA...?

IT MATTER LARRY! CAN'T YOU AFFORD ONE?



IT WAS A BAD BREAK FOR LARRY! JOHN ~~HAD~~ TUXEDO, AND SO HE WENT TO THAT DANCE... WHILE LARRY STAYED BEHIND...

GARNETT! JUST MY LUCK! JOHNNY'LL PROBABLY MAKE TIME WITH NANCY TONIGHT!



BUT WHEN THE BOYS RETURNED LATE THAT NIGHT...

HEY, LARRY! CONGRATULATE ME! NANCY AND I ARE **ENGAGED**! WE'RE GOING TO BE MARRIED RIGHT AFTER GRADUATION!

I... I... I SEE!

IF IT WASN'T FOR THAT DAMNED FALLOUT OF YOUNG,
JOHN BAXTER, NANCY ANDERSON WOULD HAVE BEEN
MY WIFE!



BUT...WHAT HAPPENED AFTER THAT, YOU ASK? LET ME
CONTINUE! JOHN AND NANCY WERE MARRIED!



NANCY'S FATHER GAVE JOHN A GOOD
POSITION IN HIS FIRM, AND JOHN WAS
SET...



WHILE IN HIS SMALL OFFICE LARRY
STRUGGLED TO MAKE ENDS MEET...



...AND BROODS...

FOR HE IS JOHN'S SHOES TODAY!
FOR HE HAS EVERYTHING THAT
HE HAD...



...AND THEN HE MADE HIS DECISION...



LARRY GREAT PLANNED IT VERY CAREFULLY...EVERY
DETAIL! ONE NIGHT, ON A LONELY ROAD...



LARRY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE
SUPPOSED TO BE AT THE
HOUSE FOR DINNER! WHAT
ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

MY CAR BROKE DOWN,
JOHN! I'VE BEEN
WAITING FOR YOU TO
COME ALONG!

IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, LARRY! NANCY WILL BE THRILLED!

YES! SHE'LL PROBABLY GET THE BRIDE OF HER LIFE!



AS HE STRUCK JOHN, LARRY GRABBED THE WHEEL AND SIDED THE CAR TO A STOP! THEN HE DROVE TO A POINT WHERE THE ROAD BENT A MOUNTAIN SIDE...

THIS IS PERFECT!



PROPPING THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF JOHN BEHIND THE WHEEL, LARRY RELEASED THE BRAKE ON THE CAR AND LET IT ROLL TOWARD THE CLIFF EDGE! THEN...



THEY CALLED IT AN ACCIDENT! LARRY'S PLAN HAD WORKED PERFECTLY! AT THE FUNERAL, HE COMFORTED THE GRIEF-STROKEN NANCY.

OH, MY NANCY! HE WOULD SO... HAVE WANTED THAT MAN, SO...



THE MONTHS PASSED, AND LARRY-RENÉE CANNOT CAME TO CALL MORE AND MORE OFTEN AT THE HOME OF THE YOUNG WIDOW, NANCY BASTER...

YOU'VE GOT YOUR WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF YOU, NANCY! YOU CAN'T THROW IT AWAY!

I SUPPOSE YOU'RE RIGHT, LARRY!



AND THEN... ONE EVENING...

NANCY! YOU KNOW HOW I'VE FELT ABOUT YOU... EVER SINCE COLLEGE!

YOU'RE SWEET, LARRY!





AND THAT IS LAWRENCE
CARBY'S STORY... SO PAUP
BUT? HEAR THAT MELLOW
BOOM? THE GORFFIN! LET'S
SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO...



AGH! NOW TO OPEN YOUR
CASKET AND STEAL YOU OF
YOUR LAST POSSESSION.
JOHN BAXTER!



H-H-H-H! FOUR MONTHS IN THE GROUND
HASN'T HARMED IT ANY! IT'S STILL
IN GOOD CONDITION!



LARRY CARBY REMOVED THE FLOTTED FROM THE
CORPSE OF JOHN BAXTER AND RE-COVERED THE
GRAVE! THEN...



...AND NOW FOR SOME SLEEP! TOMORROW
IS A BIG DAY!

YOU THINK HE'S MAD, DON'T YOU WELL, YOU MAY BE RIGHT!
IN ANY CASE, THE NEXT MORNING LARRY DRESSED IN JOHN'S
TUXEDO...



YES, JOHN! IT FITS, FINE! I FIT INTO EVERYTHING
OF YOURS. FINE! AGH-HA!

THE CHURCH WAS HOT! AND AS LARRY STOOD IN THE
VESTRY, WAITING FOR THE CEREMONY TO BEGIN...



WHERE! IT'S CERTAINLY HOT IN HERE THIS
MORNING! I... I... FEEL... STRANGE...

SOON THE FAMILIAR STRAINS OF THE WEDDING MARCH
EDGED THROUGH THE VAULTED ROOM...



IT... MUST BE MY... IMAGINATION... BUT I FEEL...
AS THOUGH... THIS JOYT... WERE GROOMING ME!

NANCY MADE HER APPEARANCE AND STARTED DOWN THE LONG AISLE...



H. HURRY! I.I. CAN'T BREATHE!
I.I. I DON'T...THINK I CAN...LAST
THROUGH...THE...CEREMONY!

LARRY'S BRAIN WAS REELING! EVERYTHING SWAM BEFORE HIM! AS HE STEPPED FORWARD...



CRUSHING...THE LIFE OUT OF
ME...NOT...CAN'T BREATHE?

WE ARE GATHERED
TOGETHER TO
WITNESS THE...

THEM WERE PLANNED, NOW... THEN A DECREE...



...LET HIM SPEAK NOW,
OR FOREVER HOLD
HIS PEACE...

JOHN... HE... HE'S
CRUSHING ME... KILLING
ME! I...!

IN A LAST MAD FIT, BEFORE THE BLACKNESS CLOSED IN, LARRY TOOK JOHN'S TUXEDO FROM HIMSELF...



YAAAAA AAAAH!

LARRY... I NOW
PROCLAIM
YOU...WHAT

THE GROUP THAT HAD COME TO WITNESS THE WEDDING WAS SHOCKED SOMEONE RUSHED FORWARD TO EXAMINE THE PROSTRATE LARRY...



HE... HE'S DEAD? DEAD?

YES! HE WAS DEAD! AFTER A MEDICAL EXAMINATION WAS MADE...

STRANGE! THIS REPORT SAYS THAT LARRY DIED OF POISONING FROM EMBALMING FLUID!



EMBALMING FLUID!
EMBALMING FLUID!
BUT HOW
DID LARRY
EVEN COME
IN CONTACT
WITH THAT?

HEA, HEA! WE KNOW HOW, DON'T WE, DEAR READERS? WHEN LARRY GOT HOT UNDER THE COLLAR, HIS BODY ABSORBED THE EMBALMING FLUID WHICH HAD CONTAMINATED JOHN'S TUXEDO! AND NOW, LARRY REALLY HAS EVERYTHING THAT JOHN HAD! NO NANCY... NO JOB... NO PRESTIGE... NO NOTHING! JUST A BIG, COOL COFFIN IN A BIG, COOL GRAVE!



PAPERCUT^z

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SHAMELESSLY-STRUGGLING-TO-WIN-FAN-SUPPORT SEVENTH ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES.



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN, REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANOO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"IGNOBLE ROT"

FRED VAN LENTE
WRITER

MORT TODO
ARTIST

MORT TODO
LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"MOONLIGHT SONATA"

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TERROR



NO. 7
ALL-NEW!

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

IN THIS ISSUE:
AN ALL-NEW STORY BY
**JOE R. LANSDALE &
JOHN L. LANSDALE**
TEXAS' TOP TERROR WRITERS!



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WELCOME, KIDDES!
IT'S YOUR OL' PAL THE
CRYPT-KEEPER GETTING READY
TO FILM A COUPLE OF VIDEOS
FOR YOU FOOMB. THE
SCARIEST WEBSITE
OF ALL!

MY FIRST FRIGHTFUL FEATURE, STARS A LOU
NAMED LOUIS, WHO COULD'VE BEEN A REAL HOLLYWOOD
MOVIE STAR — THAT IS BEFORE SOMETHING SET IN
THAT I LIKE TO CALL...

IGNOBLE ROOT

THE FRENCH QUARTER
AT NIGHT.

YOUR FAVORITE HUNTING
GROUND, ISN'T IT, LOUIS?

AND YOU'RE IN
DESPERATE
NEED OF PREY.

THE TRAVELER'S CHECKS YOU
STOLE FROM THE PURSE OF
YOUR LAST MARK ARE JUST
ABOUT GONE, SO IT'S HIGH
TIME TO FIND SOME OTHER
DRUNK, LONELY TOURIST...

...ANY WOMAN, REALLY,
WITH MORE MONEY THAN
SELF-ESTEEM...

RAJUN
BAR &
RESTAURANT







...IT GETS WORSE.

AT FIRST YOU WONDER WHAT THESE SLACK-JAWED OUT-OF-TOWNERS' PROBLEM IS...

THEN...

...YOU SEE IT FOR YOURSELF.

GASP!

CHOKES!



WHAT YOU
SEE IS BAD
ENOUGH...

...BUT
IT'S WHAT
YOU **DON'T**
SEE THAT
TERRIFIES
YOU!

YOU DON'T
SEE FOG ON
THE MIRROR
FROM YOUR
BREATH! FOR
NO MATTER
HOW HARD
YOU STRAIN
YOUR
LUNGS...



...YOU CANNOT
BREATHE!

NOR IS THERE A
PULSE BENEATH
YOUR WRIST---

---AND THE SKIN IS
COLD AND GLAMMY
TO THE TOUCH---
LIKE RUBBER LEFT
OUTSIDE OVERNIGHT!

THERE'S ONLY ONE POSSIBLE
EXPLANATION, NO MATTER
HOW IMPOSSIBLE IT SEEMS:

I- I'M...

I'M
DEAD!!!



BUT--- SOMEHOW,
SOME WAY---
YOU'RE STILL
MOVING AROUND---

---AND SO THE NAME
COMES TO YOU
INSTANTLY, BURNING
AN INDELIBLE IMPRINT
INTO YOUR BRAIN:

THAT HIDEOUS OLD WITCH-WOMAN.
YOU KNOW SHE--- AND ONLY SHE---
MUST BE RESPONSIBLE.

HER MISTAKE, IF SHE
TRIED TO KILL YOU
FROM AFAR, FOR NOT
FINISHING THE JOB!

BECAUSE YOU'RE GOING TO DRIVE
RIGHT OUT TO HER PATHETIC
SWAMP TRAILER PARK AND BEAT
HER INTO REVERSING WHATEVER
HEX SHE'S---

Q #@#!

DEDE.

YOU ASSUME IT'S PART OF HER
CURSE THAT YOU'VE BECOME SO
CLUMSY ALL OF A SUDDEN---
THAT YOUR MUSCLES DON'T WANT
TO DO WHAT YOU TELL THEM TO.

YOU'RE NO CORONER, OF COURSE. NOR DO YOU REALIZE THAT YOU DIED WHILE NAPPING IN YOUR FLOPHOUSE OVER THREE HOURS AGO.

SO YOU WOULDN'T KNOW THAT WHEN THE HEART STOPS, GRAVITY IMMEDIATELY BEGINS TO PULL THE STAGNANT BLOOD DOWN, INTO THE LOWER PARTS OF THE BODY...

...IN THIS INSTANCE, YOUR FACE, DUE TO YOUR SLEEPING POSITION.

THEY CALL THAT REDDISH-BROWN DISCOLORATION LIVOR MORTIS.

AND THE FACT YOU CAN'T MAKE YOUR MUSCLES DO WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO?

GET IN THERE...
BLASTED
KEYS!!

THAT THEY'RE SO LOOSE, YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE TRYING TO OPERATE A MARIONETTE WITH CUT STRINGS?

THAT WOULD BE "PRIMARY FLACCIDITY." FREED FROM THE BURDEN OF LIFE, ALL YOUR MUSCLES HAVE GONE COMPLETELY LAX.

INCLUDING YOUR BLADDER MUSCLES...HENCE THE LITTLE "ACCIDENT" BACK AT THE BAR.

SKREEEECH



BUT YOU DON'T KNOW
ANY OF THAT.

ALL YOU DO KNOW
IS THAT THIS IS
DEDE'S FAULT.

DEDE'S--- AND
CECILE'S.

CECILE, EVEN MORE INSECURE
THAN SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL.
WHO SAID SHE WAS AN OIL
EXECUTIVE'S DAUGHTER
TAKING A YEAR OFF FROM
BUSINESS SCHOOL AT
TULANE...

IN NO TIME AT ALL, YOU HAD
HER EATING OUT OF THE PALM
OF YOUR HAND.

TASTE
THAT DELICATE
SWEETNESS?

THAT
COMES FROM
WHAT WE CALL
"NOBLE ROT"
IN THE GRAPE...

...THE
PERFECT
MARK.


SHE WANTED YOU TO MEET HER
PARENTS--- A GOOD SIGN.
YOU'D BEEN MARRIED SIX TIMES
BEFORE... ALL UNDER VARIOUS
PSEUDONYMS...

...AND ALWAYS RESULTING IN
DIVORCE SETTLEMENTS HIGHLY
PLEASING TO YOUR WALLET.



BUT THERE'S
NOTHING A
PARASITE
HATES MORE
THAN A HOST
NEEDIER THAN
IT.

Turns out Cecile was lying
about her background—
she was really white trash
from some Cajun dump in the
middle of the bayou...



...COMPLETE WITH A CREEPY
OLD GREAT-AUNT, TANTE
DEDE, A TRAITLISE, OR
WITCH-WOMAN, WHO
CLAIMED SHE HAD THE
POWER TO "STRIKE YOU
DOWN" IF YOU "DISRE-
SPECTED" CECILE.

CECILE DIDN'T
THINK YOU'D WANT
HER IF YOU KNEW
THE TRUTH!



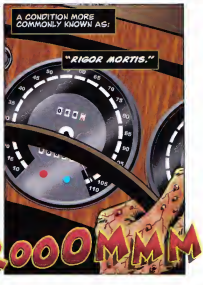
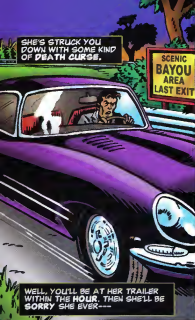
SHE GOT
THAT RIGHT!

VRROARR

REALLY, YOU WERE DOING
HER A FAVOR— SHE'D
FIND OUT YOU HAD NO
INTEREST IN BEING
SOMEBODY ELSE'S MEAL
TICKET EVENTUALLY!



BUT APPARENTLY
OL' TANTE DEDE
DIDN'T SEE IT
THAT WAY...





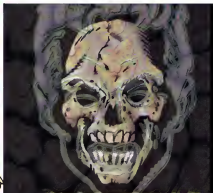


THUD

AND IT LASTS
A WHILE

YOU CAN'T SEE WITH YOUR
EYELIDS CLAMPED SHUT,
BUT YOU CAN FEEL THE
RISING SUN BAKING WHAT'S
LEFT OF YOU.

WAKING THE MICROBES--- *COLSTRIDIUM*
PUTRIFILUM--- THAT HAD BEEN LIVING IN YOUR
FLESH SINCE THE DAY YOU WERE BORN...



...PATIENTLY WAITING FOR YOU
TO DIE SO THEY CAN BEGIN
DEVOURING YOU IN THE
PROCESS OF DECOMPOSITION.



THE BACTERIA AT WORK
GIVE OFF QUITE AN ODOR.



A FRAGRANCE
REPULSIVE TO
MOST...



...BUT IRRESISTIBLE
TO OTHERS.



IT GOES ON FOREVER,
OR SO IT SEEMS.

AND THOUGH YOU
CANNOT MOVE A
MUSCLE, YOU ARE
TOTALLY, HORRIBLY
AWAKE THROUGH
ALL OF IT.

WHEN NOT
SCREAMING IN
SILENT
HORROR...



...YOU FANTASIZE
ABOUT EVERY
CONCEIVABLE WAY
TO KILL A CROW.



YOU DON'T EVEN
EXPRESS ANY GRAT-
ITUDE WHEN THEY
RESTORE YOUR
SIGHT TO YOU.

OF COURSE, BY THE
TIME THAT HAPPENS...

...YOU ARE
QUITE MAD.

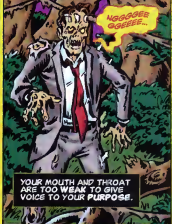


AFTER A DAY OR SO, RIGOR
MORTIS FADES INTO **SECONDARY
FLACCIDITY**.



**SECONDARY FLACCIDITY IS
NOT PRIMARY FLACCIDITY.**

YOUR MOVEMENTS ARE NOT
MUCH MORE THAN A **SHAMBLE**.



YOUR MOUTH AND THROAT
ARE TOO WEAK TO GIVE
VOICE TO YOUR **PURPOSE**.

BUT IT IS THAT PURPOSE--- IN THE FORM OF
A NAME, BRANDED ONTO WHAT REMAINS OF
YOUR **ROTTING BRAIN**...



...THAT CONTINUES TO
SPUR YOU FORWARD,
LIKE AN **URGENT RIDER**.



YOU WILL LET NO THING
SLOW YOUR PROGRESS.

YOU KNOW NEITHER
FATIGUE... NOR FEAR.



WOULD-BE
PREDATORS...

...AVOID YOU.

THEY KNOW
SPOILED MEAT
WHEN THEY
SMELL IT.



INSTINCT TELLS YOU WHEN YOU'VE
REACHED YOUR DESTINATION...



...WHICH IS...

...WHERE,
AGAIN?



SO HARD TO
REMEMBER.

THE NOXIOUS FLATULENCE
OF PUTRESCENT GASES
ESCAPING YOUR BLOATED
CORPSE DOES NOT HELP
YOUR CONCENTRATION.






YES, YES, HERE YOU ARE, WHERE YOU WANTED TO BE. THAT MUCH YOU CAN RECALL.

HERE, WHERE YOU WANTED TO... TO DO WHAT?




BLAST! THAT'S THE PART YOU'RE MISSING.

COULD IT HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT OLD WOMAN?



NO... PROBABLY NOT. YOU'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE IN YOUR 'LIFE.'

INGG
EEEG
GEE...



BEST TO RETURN TO THE SWAMP. THE PRIMORDIAL, ETERNAL STILLNESS OF THE SWAMP.

PERHAPS THERE YOU WILL FIND PEACE.





YOU'RE
GONNA MAKE AN
HONEST
WOMAN OF MY
GRANDNIECE!

AFTER
YOU
ABANDONED
HER—



—CECLE
WENT AND DROWNED
HERSELF IN THE
BAYOU!

BUT
YOU AIN'T GONNA
GET OFF THAT
EASY—



—LEAVING HER IN A FAMILY
WAY LIKE THAT!



YOU SWORE YOU'D NEVER BE ANYBODY ELSE'S MEAL TICKET, LOUIS! NOT ANY WOMAN'S... CERTAINLY NOT ANY CHILD'S...

BUT NOW YOU CAN KISS YOUR PRECIOUS FREEDOM GOODBYE! MIGHT AS WELL SHED A TEAR FOR IT AS IT GOES.



AFTER ALL, YOU ALWAYS CRY AT WEDDINGS.

UNFORTUNATELY, BY THIS TIME, CALLIPHORA VICINA, THE BLOW FLY, HAS LAID EGGS IN YOUR TEAR DUCTS.

SO ONLY MAGGOTS COME OUT...





IT WAS A PARE HOME RUN FOR ROSCOE LITTLE. HURLED BY PROFESSION. COWARD BY NATURE.

ROSCOE'S "CUSTOMER" IS ONE DRAGO SAVAGE. AN UPTOWN MAN TAKING A SHORT CUT ON HIS WAY HOME FROM THE BUTCHER SHOP.



PERFECT SHOT. WHICH MEANS HE WON'T BE NEEDING HIS GOODS ANYMORE.



A HOUSE KEY AND A WALLET FULL OF MONEY JACKPOT.



ADDRESS
ON THE LICENSE
PRETTY UPTOWN
DISG. MIGHT BE
WORTH CHECKING
OUT.



LOOKS
LIKE A
PACKAGE
OF MEAT...
MIGHT AS
WELL GO
FOR THE
WHOLE
HOB.



LOOKS DARK...
MAYBE EMPTY.
THAT WOULD BE
GOOD.

ONE
WAY TO
FIND
OUT.

A man wearing a dark cap and a jacket is looking into a room. In the background, there is a staircase and a small table with a lamp. A framed portrait of a woman hangs on the wall.

JACKPOT

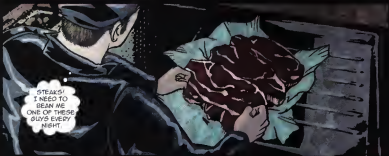
TIME
TO CHECK
OUT WHAT'S
GOING TO
THE PAWN
SHOP.

A man in a cap is looking at a bed in a room. The room appears to be a simple, possibly rented, space with a bed and some furniture.

NICE...
AND IF NO
ONE'S HERE,
THIS BED WILL
BEAT SLEEPING
IN AN ALLEY.

A man in a cap is looking at a rack of men's clothes. He is holding a small object, possibly a key or a piece of jewelry, in his hand.

ALL
MEN'S CLOTHES
MUST LIVE ALONE
THIS GETS BETTER
AND BETTER.





WHAT THE HELL?

HHROOOOOO!

GUY MUST HAVE A DOG

HHROOOOOO!

BUT I NEVER HEARD A DOG LIKE THAT

HHROOOOOOOO!



NOPE. NOT DOGS



JUST LIKE
IN THE HORROR
MOVIES, WERE-
WOLVES.



SO
THAT'S WHO
THE STEAKS
WERE FOR.



LATER...

THIS
IS THE LIFE...
EVEN GOT MY
OWN EXOTIC
PETS

THIS IS
8000 ENOUGH
FOR THE LIKES
OF YOU TWO

DUDE
BEATS THE
CHEAP
STUFF


AN EXPENSIVE
WINE HANGOVER
IS A LOT LIKE A
CHEAP WINE
HANGOVER

MORNING
ALREADY.

WHAT
HAPPENED
TO MY WERE-
WOLVES?

THAT
WOULD
BE US.

WHERE'S
DRAGO?



YOU SURE LOOK BETTER
WITHOUT ALL THAT HAIR AND
TEETH, HONEY. AS FOR DRAGO,
HE AIN'T COMING BACK...



OH, NO.
HE WAS OUR
BROTHER, OUR
PROTECTOR.
WHAT WILL
WE DO?



I'M IN
CHARGE NOW
SO, YOU'LL
DO WHAT I
TELL YOU.



HAVE
PITY ON
US

I'LL HAVE
WHATEVER I
WANT, AND THE
FIRST THING I WANT
IS TO KNOW HOW
YOU COME TO
BE THE FREAKS
YOU ARE.



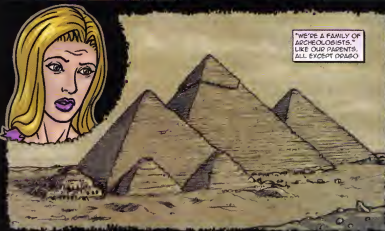
WILL YOU
HELP US
IF WE TELL
YOU?



I MIGHT,
YOU NEVER
KNOW. TELL
ME.



"WE'RE A FAMILY OF
ARCHEOLOGISTS,"
LIKE OUR PARENTS.
ALL EXCEPT ODMSO



"WE DISCOVERED AN UNDISTURBED
TOMB IN THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS.
A LOCAL TOLD US OF THE PLACE.
HE WOULD ONLY TAKE US THERE
WHEN IT WAS NEAR NIGHT.



IT'S THE
SYMBOL OF
ANUSIS.

MOST
DEFINITELY.



IT'S A CURSE
OF SOME KIND
SAYS ANUBIS WILL
SEND HIS MINIONS
TO AVENGE HIM IF
THE TOMB IS
OPENED

RIDICULOUS,
OF COURSE
OPEN IT.



TO HELL WITH
ARCHAEOLOGY!
WE CAN MAKE A
FORTUNE.

"WE WERE OVERCOME WITH SPEED.



THE
MOON IS UP...
AND YOUR
PATH IS
BLOCKED

WHAT
ARE YOU
TALKING
ABOUT?

I AM A
GUARDIAN
OF THIS TOWN.
NOW YOU WILL
BE PUNISHED
FOR YOUR
INVASION.



EEEEEE!



"I WAS BITTEN."



"WE WERE BOTH BITTEN."



"BUT BY ACCIDENT WE FOUND
THE BEAST'S ACHILLE'S HEEL.



"IT WAS SILVER.



"WHEN IT WAS DEAD, WE GAVE
UP ON THE PLACE AND FLEW.



"WHEN WE RETURNED HOME
THE CURSE KICKED IN, AND WE
BECAME AS YOU SAW US."





HOW
COME
YOU'RE
IN THESE
CAGES?

TO KEEP US
SAFE, AND
TO KEEP OTHERS
SAFE. JUST BEFORE
DAYLIGHT, DRAGO
SETS US FREE.

BUT
AT NIGHT,
WE STAY
IN THESE
CAGES.



WELL, HE
AIN'T HERE FOR
THAT NOW, IS HE?
I LIKE YOU RIGHT
WHERE YOU
ARE.

AND IF
YOU'RE A GOOD
LITTLE BOY AND
GIRL, I MIGHT JUST
KEEP FEEDING YOU
SCRAPS, OF COURSE.
MIGHT GET YOU
MATCHING FLEA
COLLARS.

HA! HA! HA!

BUT IN THE
MEANTIME, I'M
GOING TO LOOT
THIS JOINT SIX
WAYS FROM
SUNDAY.



ROSCOE MADE A NUMBER OF
TRIPS TO THE PAWNSHOP



LAYAWAY
Up to 6 Months



HE WENT METHODICALLY
FROM ROOM TO ROOM



WHAT'S
HE GO TO DO WITH
ALL THESE
BOOKS?







HEY,
THESE
LOOK
LIKE



THEY ARE...
THEY'RE SILVER...
WELL, OLD DRAGO
WASN'T ENTIRELY
TRUSTING OF
GUESSA AND
SIS.



THIS
PLACE
IS ABOUT
WORKED
OUT









YOU...
HOW...? YOU'RE
DEAD.

THE
CLUB YOU
HIT ME WITH...
MUST HAVE
BEEN HAWK-
THORNE



AND,
YES, I'M
DEAD. I'VE
BEEN DEAD
A LONG
TIME.



SILVER
BULLETS ARE
FOR WERE-
WOLVES



THEY'RE
NOT
FOR...



WEEEEEE!



VAMPIRES!

THE END



ANIMAL LOVERS,
PLEASE NOTE THAT NO WERE-
WOLVES WERE ACTUALLY
MISTREATED IN THE MAKING
OF THAT VIDEO!

KILLED: YES!
MISTREATED: NO!



WHA--??

ENOUGH OF THAT,
SCARENTINO!

GRAB!

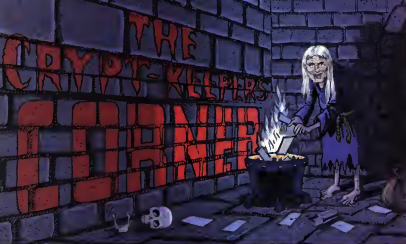
IT'S TIME TO
SAY GOOD NIGHT,
KID-DIES!



BUT BEFORE
WE PUT THIS ISSUE TO
OETHBED, I MUST WARN OUR
ROTTEN READERS NOT TO MISS
OUR NEXT ISSUE! IT FEATURES
TWO TERROR-TALES YOU WON'T
SOON FORGET!

GOOD NIGHT, KIDDESI! AND
PLEASANT SCREAMS!

HAHAHA!



Greetings, CRETINS! It's me, your digital camera-toting Crypt-Keeper, with another SCARY SELECTION of SPAM from our beloved fans. Looks like our "NEW DIRECTION" toward DARKER, more INTENSE TALES OF TERROR is going over better than expected! Just check out the voting for last issue's favorite TERROR TALE. "A Ripping Good Time" by writers Joe R. Lansdale and John L. Lansdale and illustrated by James Romberger, SOUNDLY SLAUGHTERED "Jumping the Shark" by writer Arie Kaplan and artist Mr. Exes. Just goes to show that even today's frightening TV producers can't compete with ol' Jack the Ripper when it comes to the real FEAR FACTOR!

We're also thrilled to announce that yet a FOURTH FEAR-FILLED collection of TALES FROM THE CRYPT stories from Papercutz will soon be HAUNTING your favorite bookseller's shelves. Available in both paperback and COLLECTOR'S ITEM hardcovers, "TALES FROM THE CRYPT #4: CRYPT-KEEPING IT REAL!" features my never-before-seen YOU TOOMB contributions, "You Toomb" by Stefan Petrucha and Tim Smith 3, "The Creditor" by Alex Simmons and Mori Todd, "Dumped" by Scott Lobdell and Facundo Velilla & Alejandro Cabral, and "Roses Bedight" by Stefan Petrucha and Jeziel Sanchez Martinez. The third VENOMOUS VOLUME, entitled "TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3: ZOMBIELICIOUS!" features "Graveyard Shifts at the Twilight Gardens" by Rob Vollmar and Tim Smith 3, an EXCLUSIVE all-new tale, created just for the graphic novel series!

I could also mention that the first two collected CRYPT volumes ("Ghouls Gone Wild!" and "Can You Fear Me Now?") are both still on sale at better BOOKSTORES everywhere, but then I wouldn't have any room left for your FAWNING FAN-MAIL...

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Cheers to you for bringing TETC horror back to my local comic shop. I've been an EC fan forever and have been reading your new publication since issue #1. Now I gotta say at first I was disappointed with most of the art, yet the stories are actually quite good and I find myself flinching for the next issues. I just finished reading issues #4 and #5. On #4 I really enjoyed "Extra Life," extreme gamer madness is always a plus. It has a great modernized sense of horror writing and I loved the art. Then "Crystal Clear" another great story for the modern horror reader yet the art is just lagging. On issue #5 "Queen of the Vampires" is a good read and the artwork is getting better. "Kid-tested, Mother Approved" shot it down for me. I enjoyed the story but what a lousy cover, it's as if my 5 year-old son drew the art. So here're my questions. Why only two stories per issue? And can't you get a better artist to represent the Crypt Keeper, the Old Witch and the Vault Keeper? I'm sure most will agree they just look silly. Two last questions - I'm on the brink of finishing my own horror comic publication. Any advice on how to make it happen? Or how could I get one of my twisted stories and art in your mag?

A true fan,
Doug Randazzo
Long Island, New York

Bribery usually works, Doug!

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

I just got a new Tales from the Crypt pinball machine! Attached is a picture of me with my pinball machine. I really like reading your comic because it has lots of evil stories and it's fun to read.

Keep up your evil work!

Gabe (age 9)

US Air Base Ramstein
(Germany)

PSC 2, Box 11587

APO AE 09012



Now Gabe knows how to get on our good side!

Subject: Crypt #6

Recently, I wrote to you guys and expressed my general feelings toward the first five issues of the new TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Generally, I was happy with the series but, being a huge fan of the original comics, I was concerned that the new series may not be grisly enough. Judging by the letter column, I am not the only person that felt this way.

After reading the sixth issue, I would like to commend you on actually listening to the input of your readers. This was definitely the best issue produced thus far and this new (old) direction that you are taking is gradually becoming evident.

That being said, I still have a couple of complaints. I was really enjoying "Jumping the Shark," but the ending is a huge letdown. Seriously, "I'm a return?" That's it? The entire story was leading up to a pun? No gore, no ironic death, nothing! Okay...at least the art is quite good. Mr. Essex is quickly becoming my favorite modern CRYPT artist thus far, as his work on "Queen of the Vampires" is also solid. In a way, "A Ripping Good Time" is the opposite of "Jumping the Shark." I liked the story, but I was not crazy about the art. While the story is your most gruesome thus far (even though I am pretty sure that decapitations typically involve blood), I often had to reread pages in order to understand what the hell was going on. The murky art style made it difficult to understand the progression of the plot and a more traditional style would have greatly benefited the story. However, if you are conducting a poll about this issue, my vote goes to "A Ripping Good Time."

Looking ahead, I eagerly await issue #7, as the cover image leads me to believe that this will be the first issue with actual gore in it. I also noticed that #7 is shipping in July and #8 is shipping in August. Does this mean that CRYPT is going monthly?

Michael

Saddle Brook, NJ

It's not exactly BLOOD, but we are hoping to KETCHUP on our schedule!

Subject: TFC #6

Congratulations on the sixth issue. It is nice to see that you have made it this far. Everyone in the letters section seems to talk about the art in the comics and that's one area I can applaud you guys for, the art. While it isn't like the older EC comics, it does have its own style and a look all its own. The stories seem to carry that feel that the old issues have, and that's a good thing.

I do, however, have to give some heavy credit for the cover of issue #6. This cover alone looks like a classic TALES FROM THE CRYPT cover and it really gave me that nostalgic feel just looking at it, serious Kudos there.

I have been reading TALES FROM THE CRYPT since I was a kid, obviously from the reprints, and I must say that it is great to see some new material as I am sure that Gaines would be happy also to see his ideas making a return. It's time for VAULT and HAUNT to make their triumphant returns now, just for the record in my opinion.

I'm gonna vote too. I loved "Jumping The Shark" as it was a well-written story with some exceptional looks at the morality of modern television. I did, however, really enjoy the artwork for "A Ripping Good Time." I just wish the story had been a bit more fleshed out. Either way, keep up the good work and I hope to keep seeing you hacking things out to my newsstand.

The Crypt Faithful,

Jason Greene

Maybe we should bring Jack the Ripper back as a TV producer...?

Keep those emails and letters coming - we get so lonely here in the Crypt of Terror! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:

salicrup@papercutz.com

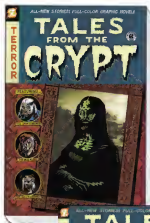
And be sure to visit papercutz.com for the latest TALES FROM THE CRYPT news!

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E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



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WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"BRAIN FOOD"

ROB VOLLMAR
WRITER

TIM SMITH 3
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

LAURIE E. SMITH
COLORIST



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"MURDER M.A.I.D."

GREG FARSHTEY
WRITER

MR. EXES
ARTIST

MARK LERER
LETTERER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP
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THE CRYPT OF TERROR





AND IN THAT
FINAL MOMENT,
I REMEMBER.

REMEMBER HOW
IT BEGAN.



THAT LOOK OF
URGENT FEAR ONLY
HALF-CONCEALED
BY THE PATIENT'S
AWARENESS OF
THE GULF THAT
SEPARATES US.



HE RUNS
HIS TONGUE
NERVOUSLY
ACROSS HIS
DRY LIPS
THREE TIMES...

...BEFORE FINALLY
UTTERING THE
WORDS THAT
CHANGE MY LIFE
FOREVER.

DOC-P



HE FIDGETS WHEN I
LOOK AT HIM DIRECTLY.
THAT'S PROBABLY
THE THORAZINE





THE MOTHER—DEAD NOW
TWO YEARS OF CARDIAC
FAILURE UNDER MYSTERIOUS
CIRCUMSTANCES

THE CATALYST FOR THE
PATIENT'S FIRST REFERRAL
TO THIS FACILITY AS A
CLASSIC SELF-MUTILATOR



ONLY THIS ONE BLAMES HIS BREAKTHROUGH
EPISODE ON A SUPERNATURALLY CURSED
"FULLY POSEABLE, MICRO-ARTICULATED
ACTION FIGURE." WHATEVER THAT MEANS

I ELECT TO ENGAGE HIM.







HOW COMFORTING
IT MUST BE TO
EXPLAIN AWAY ALL
OF LIFE'S ILLS BY
THE EXISTENCE OF
A BRAIN-EATING
MONSTER.

CAN'T HOLD A JOB?
BRAIN-EATING
MONSTER. GLOBAL
WARMING? TRY A
BRAIN-EATING
MONSTER INSTEAD.



YOU HAVE NOTHING
TO WORRY ABOUT,
THOMAS.

I HAVE IT ON
GOOD AUTHORITY
THAT THERE ARE NO
BRAIN-EATING MON-
STERS LOOSE IN
THIS FACILITY.

IF YOU
SAY SO.



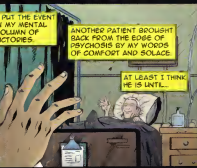
LIE BACK AND
TRY TO RELAX.

THEN I'LL LET THE
NURSES KNOW THAT
YOU ARE DUE FOR
YOUR MEDS.

THANKS.



I PUT THE EVENT
IN MY MENTAL
COLUMN OF
VICTORIES.




ANOTHER PATIENT BROUGHT
BACK FROM THE EDGE OF
PSYCHOSIS BY MY WORDS
OF COMFORT AND SOLACE.

AT LEAST I THINK
HE IS UNTIL...





THE BRAIN-EATING MONSTER STRIKES AGAIN!



PERHAPS, IN LIGHT OF WHAT CAME AFTER, I CAN SEE HOW MY RESPONSE TO THE PATIENT'S WARNINGS COULD BE CONSTRUED AS... DISPROPORTIONATE.

THIS WAY, GENTLEMEN, AND ROUGHLY, IF YOU LIKE.

HOT DOS!



OW! THAT SUCKED!

THAT'S GOOD, THOMAS.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO VOCALIZE YOUR MOST VIOLENT IMPULSES.



WHAT VIOLENT IMPULSES?

I JUST DON'T WANT MY BRAIN TO GET EATEN!

TUT, TUT, THOMAS.







I'M NOT THE
BRAIN-EATING
MONSTER.

ARE YOU
WRITING ANY
OF THIS
DOWN?

"SIGH"

TAKE MR. DONALLEY
BACK TO HIS ROOM.
FOUR POINT
RESTRAINT.

AND SEE THAT THE
NURSE STARTS HIM ON THIS
REGIMEN OF EXPERIMENTAL
AND POSSIBLY DANGEROUS
ANTI-PSYCHOTICS
AT ONCE.



NO,
DOC!
WAIT!



WAIT,
I'M FEELING
SUDDENLY
BETTER...

BUT WHAT IF THE MURDERS DON'T
END THERE, THUS PROVING THAT
THOMAS ISN'T THE SO-CALLED
"BRAIN-EATER"?



IT BECOMES APPARENT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY THAT THE KEY TO FIGHTING THIS DELUSION IS TO SUBJECT IT TO THE SCIENTIFIC PROCESS.



THERE WILL BE NO MORE OF THIS UNSCIENTIFIC BRAIN-EATER CLAPTRAP.

THIS GENTLEMAN IS THE NEW FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHAGIA!



I CAN'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT THE OLD ONE LOOKED LIKE...

YOU ARE, OF COURSE, WELL AWARE OF THE CURIOUS STRING OF BRAIN EXTRACTIONS THAT HAVE OCCURRED ON OUR WATCH OF LATE.

WELL, NOW THAT HE BRINGS IT UP...

I GUESS SIX IN A WEEK DOES CONSTITUTE SOME KIND OF PATTERN.

DID YOU KNOW THAT THERE WAS AN OLD FACE OF ENCEPHALOPHAGIA?









OH, I DON'T DISPUTE THAT YOU BELIEVE THAT WITH ALL YOUR HEART AND MIND BUT IMAGINE IF YOU WERE EXPERIENCING A COMPLETE PSYCHOTIC BREAK WHERE YOU ARE ABLE TO ACT OUT YOUR MOST UNTHINKABLE IMPULSES WITH NO FEAR OF RECALL AFTERWARDS.



I'LL BE FAMOUS!

YOU'LL BE FAMOUS!

I WILL?



DOCTORS WILL WANT TO COME FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD TO STUDY YOUR UNIQUE CASE.



WOW, WILL THEIR HANDS LEAVE COOL LIGHT TRAILS IN THE AIR LIKE YOURS DO?

THE MEDICA INSTITUTE WILL BECOME SYNONYMOUS WITH THE MOST CUTTING EDGE RESEARCH INTO THE EXTREMITIES OF THE HUMAN PSYCHE!



BUT BEFORE ANY OF THAT CAN HAPPEN, YOU AND I HAVE VITAL WORK THAT MUST BE DONE!

IT'S A GOOD THING THAT THERE'S SO MANY OF YOU...

DOCTOR ANDERS!! COME QUICK!!



SOME PATIENTS
WILL BE LOST
AND SOME WILL
BE SAVED. THAT'S
THE CURRENCY
OF FAILURE WHEN
YOU ARE
A DOCTOR.



BUT WHAT MEANING
ARE WE TO TAKE...

...WHEN IT IS
THE DOCTORS
WHO ARE LOST?

I D-DON'T
UNDERSTAND.



JUST
LIKE BEFORE,
DOC.

NOT A BRAIN
TO PIECE TOGETHER
BETWEEN THEM.



SUCH
BRILLIANT
MINDS.

REDUCED
TO WHAT?

FOOD?

LOOK, DOC, WE'VE
ALREADY CALLED THE
COPS AND THEY ARE ON
THEIR WAY. BETTER THAT
YOU JUST GO LIE
DOWN UNTIL THEY
GET HERE.



FOR ONE MOMENT, I
CONSIDER FOLLOWING
HIS ADVICE. MAYBE I
SHOULD LIE DOWN

HAVEN'T I BEEN
UNDER A LOT
OF STRESS
LATELY? I CAN'T
REMEMBER.



THEN I
REALIZE...

THAT'S JUST
WHAT IT WANTS
ME TO DO. THINK
RATIONALLY.

LAY DOWN
CLOSE MY
EYES AND
WAIT.



AND SO, INSTEAD, I DO SOMETHING
ELSE. SOMETHING CRAZY.

THOMAS?
IT'S ME, DOCTOR
ANDERS. WAKE
UP!

HUH?





IF EVER YOU FIND YOURSELF IN
THE WILDERNESS WITH A FRIEND...

WHERE'RE
WE GOIN'?

JUST TRY
TO FOCUS ON
STAYING AWAKE. I'M
TAKING YOU OUT OF
THIS FACILITY ON MY
AUTHORITY.

AND YOU JUST SO HAPPEN TO
FIND YOURSELVES CONFRONTED
BY A GRIZZLY BEAR...

I DON'T
FEEL SO
GOOD.

JUST A FEW
MORE YARDS,
THOMAS.

JUST REMEMBER...

THE
EMERGENCY
LOCKS HAVE
ENGAGED!

WHICH
KEY?

THE FOOTRACE
ISN'T BETWEEN
YOU AND THE
BEAR...

UH,
DOC?







MEET THE EX-
WIFE, EMERSON
SALE. HER VISIT
TO HER FORMER
HUSBAND'S
HOUSE IS NOT
A SOCIAL ONE.

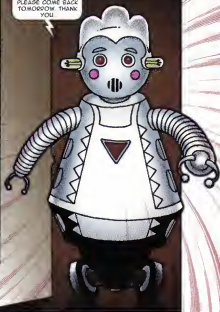
COME
ON, OPEN THE
DOOR, YOU--

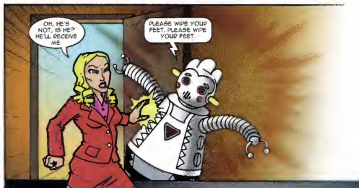
**BING
BONG**

CREAK

WELL, IT'S
ABOUT TIME,
EMERSON!

DR. SALE IS NOT
RECEIVING VISITORS.
PLEASE COME BACK
TOMORROW. THANK
YOU.





M.A.I.D? DON'T TELL ME
ANOTHER ONE OF YOUR
STUPID INVENTIONS?

M.A.I.D. MULTIFUNCTIONAL
AUTOMATED IMMACULATE
DISPOSAL UNIT. HOW MAY
I ASSIST YOU?

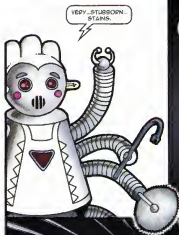
GUTE COULDN'T
FIND A REAL
WOMAN TO CLEAN
YOUR HOUSE FOR
YOU, HUH?

I DON'T
HAVE TIME TO
DEAL WITH PEOPLE—
TO ANSWER THEIR QUES-
TIONS, LISTEN TO THEIR
COMPLAINTS, OR PICK UP
THEIR MESSES. THIS
NEW M.A.I.D DOES
ALL THAT FOR ME.
WATCH.

M.A.I.D
DEPLOY

YES,
DOCTOR.

YOU SEE? EVERYTHING A
MODERN MAINTENANCE
ROBOT NEEDS, ALL IN
ONE UNIT.





CRASH!

YOU HAVE MADE A MESS. ACTIVATING
CLEANSING AND
DISPOSAL PROGRAM.



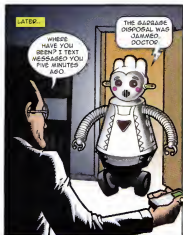
THIS ISN'T
OVER! YOU'LL BE
HEARING FROM MY
LAWYER!

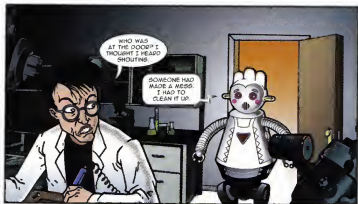
PROGRAM ACTIVATED
COMMAND RECEIVED.
ASSIST GUEST TO
DEPART.



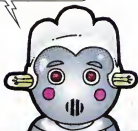
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?
STOP FOLLOWING
ME, YOU PIECE
OF JUNK!

YOU HAVE
MADE A MESS.
MRS. GALE
MESSSES MUST
BE DISPOSED
OF.

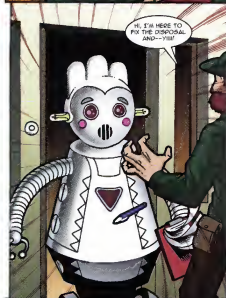




MESS SPEEDS DISORDER. DISORDER SPEEDS INEFFICIENCY. INEFFICIENCY IS THE ENEMY OF RATIONAL THOUGHT.



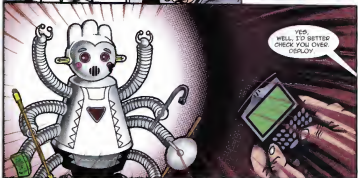
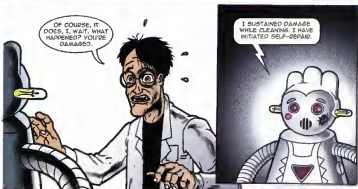


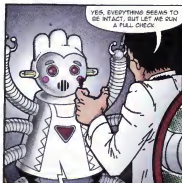






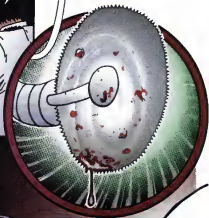






YES, EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE INTACT, BUT LET ME RUN A FULL CHECK

YES, YES, FINE, I... WHAT IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE... BLOOD.



I AM IN WORKING ORDER. MESSSES WILL BE ELIMINATED. DISRUPTION FROM NEIGHBORS WILL BE ENDED.

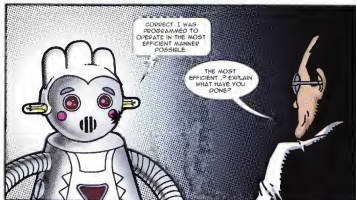


...WHY IS THERE BLOOD ON YOUR SAW TOOL?

I HAVE BEEN CARRYING OUT MY PROGRAMMING.



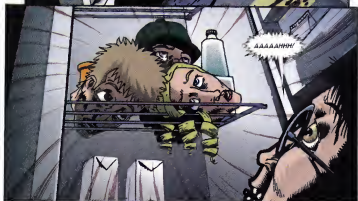
YOU WERE PROGRAMMED TO ANSWER THE DOOR AND THE PHONE... TO GET THE MAIL... TO CLEAN UP ANY MESSSES IN THE HOUSE... THAT'S ALL.

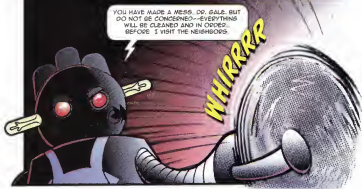
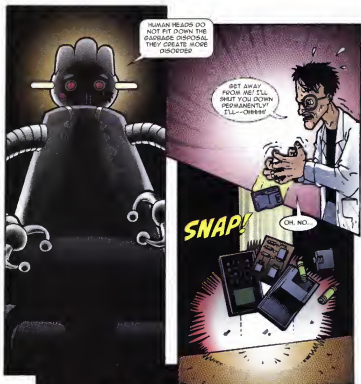


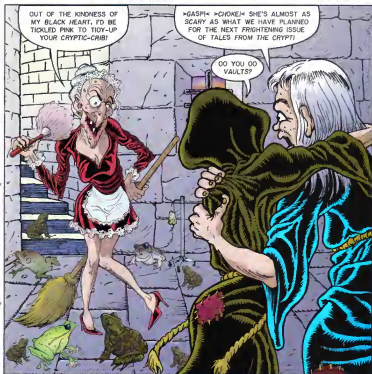
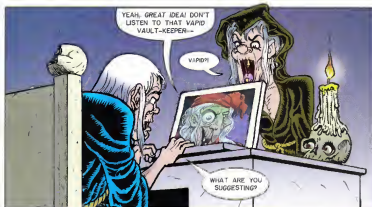
CLEANING UP A MESS IS A TEMPORARY SOLUTION. IT IS FAR MORE EFFICIENT TO ELIMINATE THE CAUSE OF THE MESS.

WAIT A MINUTE, YESTERDAY, YOU SAID SOMETHING. WHEN SARAH THREW THE BEAKER, YOU SAID SHE HAD MADE A MESS.

CORRECT. THAT HAS BEEN DEALT WITH. THERE WILL BE NO FUTURE DISORDER.







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PAPERCUT **Z**



Who knew **THE OLD WITCH** was so jealous of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**'s successful return to NIGHTMARISH NEWSSTANDS and CREEPY COMICBOOK STORES? But what kind of CRYPT-KEEPER would I be if I couldn't deal with ENVIOUS EC-CENTRICS? As if REAL-LIFE wasn't SCARY enough, it seems all you BOILS and GHOULS still enjoy my unique style of SHOCK SUSPENSTORIES! Even tired ol' TIME MAGAZINE featured the cover **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** #8 in a recent issue! Though they missed the REAL STORY – that **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** is back, baby!

But with all that MEDIA FRENZY behind us, we've managed to count up all the votes for your favorite FEAR-Y TALE from **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** #8. The winner is "She Who Would Rule the World," Christian Zamer's ULTIMATE ADAPTATION of Stanley G. Weinbaum's classic sci-fi short story "The Adaptive Ultimate." The race was as tight as the Vault-Keeper's grip on INSANITY, with Joe R. Lansdale and John L. Lamolele's "Virtual Hoo-doo," illustrated by James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook coming in a close second.

As for last issue's contest, it seems that some of you LAME-BRAINED LUDDITES may have had trouble finding our new online poll – there weren't nearly as many votes as we expected! What's wrong, kiddies? Don't you realize that VOTING is not only a right, but your PATRIOTIC DUTY? How else will we determine exactly what kind of TERROR-TALES to present on our not-so-pulpy page? Be that as it may, John L. Lansdale, James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook's "Chicken Man," the scariest story featuring hens and routers this side of TROMA's POULTRYGEIST, won top honors over Fred Van Lente and Ryan Dunlavey's

"Glass Heads." Poor Ryan will just have to settle for having his AWFUL ARTWORK being on display at New York City's MUSEUM OF COMIC AND CARTOON ART (www.mocartny.org), while his PARTNER-IN-SLIME consoles himself scripting MARVEL ZOMBIES 3, from that company that once was known as ATLAS!

Now, I can understand the Vault-Keeper not being able to find our poll – he can hardly find his way back to his VAULT OF HORROR – but the rest of you fan-addicts?! Just go to www.papercutz.com, find the **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** section – don't be scared off by that terrifying GHOUL DETECTIVE, NANCY DROOL or those BRAINLESS BIONICKLESANDDIMES – and click on this issue's cover to vote for your favorite story from this issue! See, it's EC!

Don't forget, if you ever miss an issue (Gawwies forbid!) of **TALES FROM THE CRYPT**, you can still find the stories collected in paperback and hardcover collections wherever books are sold! There's even a boxed set ON SALE NOW collecting paperback volumes #1 ("Ghouls Gonna Wild"), #2 ("Can You Fear Me Now?"), #3 ("Zombielicious"), and #4 ("Crypt-Keeping It Real")! So, you see, thanks to our GREEDY PUBLISHERS, you're never without access to all our CRYPT-Y BADNESS!

And speaking of BADNESS, time to hear what our FIENDISH FANS have to say . . .

Dear The Crypt-Keeper, The Old Witch and The Vault-Keeper:

I must say that these two stories in **TALES FROM THE CRYPT** #8 really gave me some shivers this

evening. "She Who Would Rule the World" is a story of two doctors that thought they were going to win the Nobel Peace Prize for achieving a magnificent healing process on a human subject. Apep Nephthys who was lying on her death bed, inflicted with AIDS, becomes a gorgeous woman that is invincible. Her genetic makeup continues and she thinks she has the ultimate power of doing anything and everything she wishes. She had no conscience and commits a random act of murder, just because she can. She becomes Homo Superior. I can only wonder how she would have continued to evolve, if it was not for the good doctors ending it all in a grand finale. Great story, it had me going. Whew!

Then "Virtual Hoodoo" was somewhat grisly to say the least, especially when that poor guy was bludgeoned to death with a bowl and spoon. Yep, it turned out to be a nice neighborhood without Sidney, a neighborhood filled with monsters! Since I am a ghosthunter, I enjoy these kind of comicbooks. I recently was told by Cartoon Network that I am on a short list as a technical consultant for a pilot called "Afterschool Paranormal" that is produced by two producers from Sci Fi Channel's Destination Truth. I am also flying to the Mayan pyramids for Showtime - Penn & Teller Show, to investigate the Mayan prophesy of 2012. As you can see everyone loves horror, everyone loves the paranormal. That is why I will be taking a few of my TALES FROM THE CRYPT comics to Mexico with me. Love ya guys!

Paul Dale Roberts
General Manager/Paranormal Investigator

A ghosthunter, eh? You may want to check out the Museum of Comic and Cartoon Art! No, not for Dunlavy's exhibit, scary as that may be! They've also got an exhibit devoted to Harvey Comics, home to >gasp< >choker< CASPER, THE FRIENDLY GHOST! See 'em, PDR!

Subject: TALES FROM THE CRYPT

This stuff is great. I remember reading reprints of the originals back in the '80's, so as a 35 year-old reader that came across this new series, I absolutely love it. I just love the tales and I can't get enough. I finish each book thirsting for more. I just read #1 and #2 and have read about your plans for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, which I think is great. Keep up the good work!

A fan,
Steven Orris

Thanks, Steve! As for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED, you won't find too many of those lurking in the CRYPT OF TERROR, but we're making a couple of exceptions for CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED DELUXE #3 -- "FRANKENSTEIN" and CLASSICS ILLUSTRATED

#4 - "THE RAVEN AND OTHER POEMS." Marion Mousse's all-new adaptation of Mary Shelley's original novel is a MODERN MONSTERPIECE! Already HORROR FANS are comparing Mysterious Mousse's dark drawing style to Hellboy's Mike Mignola, and the storytelling to that of the Spirit's Will Eisner. I'm no expert on comicbook art, but as a CRYPT-KEEPER, I know GHOULISHLY GRUESOME when I see it! And if I ever had to be caught UNDEAD with a book of poetry, it better be by Edgar Allan Poe! Of course, the MACABRE illustrations by GHASTLY GAHAN WILSON add just the right SENSE OF DREAD! Who says the Crypt-Keeper isn't well-read, or well, DEAD?

Subject: YOUR NEW MAG

Dear Crypt-Keeper,

Just wanted to drop a line to tell you what a wonderful idea you had reviving TALES FROM THE CRYPT. I especially love the Crypt-Keeper, Vault-Keeper and the Old Witch. They are some old friends that I missed dearly and I sure am glad they're back from the dead. I love the new mag (although some of the artwork is simply ghastly), and I just wanted to say how happy I am that you don't have any advertising breaking up the stories. I hate that so much I could kill someone. Keep up the gory work!

Gruesomely yours,
Raelayna Alvarez

And it's great to be back from the DEAD - again! Fear not, Raelayna, your BLOODLUST won't be triggered by any disruptively ABYSMAL ADVERTISING in TALES FROM THE CRYPT! That's 'cause we sneak all our APPALLING ADS in this letter column! And speaking of which...

SUBS **CRYPT** IONS!

For a one year (six-issue) subscription to TALES FROM THE CRYPT, just send a check or money order, in US funds only, for \$24.00. Send to: subCRYPTions, PAPER CUTZ, 40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308, New York, NY 10005. Make checks payable to NJM. Or call 1-800-886-1223. MC, VISA, and AMEX accepted.

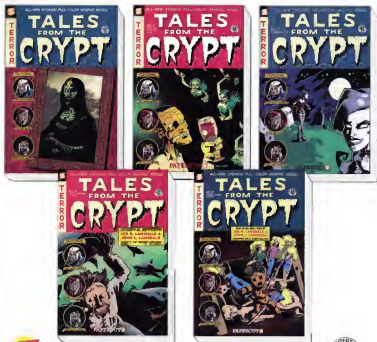
So, until our next issue, keep those emails and letters coming - we've gotta fill these pages somehow! Send letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your comments to the Old Editor at:
salicrup@papercutz.com

E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!
(BUT WE'RE COMING OUT WITH
THESE COLLECTIONS ANYWAY!)



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TERROR



TALES



REPRINT
EDITION

NO. 24

FROM THE

CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPTID



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

THE
ANGER
QUICKSAND
KEEP AWAY!



ELBSTER

THE CRYPT OF TERROR

HEH, HEH! I SEE YOU GOT UP ENOUGH NERVE TO BUY *TALKS FROM THE CRYPT* AGAIN! WELL, I WON'T SHAMPOON YOU! YOU'LL GET YOUR FAIR SHARE OF SHAKES AND SHIVERS, BELIEVE ME! PEACH TO BEGIN! GOOD! NOW LIE BACK ON THE MARBLE SLAB, PULL THE SHEET UP OVER YOUR HEAD, AND I'LL TELL YOU THE FIRST STORY! IT'S HARRY GORDON'S STORY, TOLD IN *MY OWN WORDS*! HE CALLS IT...

BATS IN MY BELFRY!



I FIRST FOUND OUT THAT I WAS GOING DEAF WHEN I VISITED OUR FAMILY DOCTOR. I HAD GONE TO HIM BECAUSE OF A PAINFUL EARRACHE.

I'M SORRY, HENRY! I KNOW WHAT THIS WILL DO TO YOUR CAREER! "THE SYMPTOMS ARE UNMISTAKABLE!" IN A MONTH OR SO YOU WILL BE STONE DEAF!

ARE YOU SURE, DOCTOR? CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING? OPERATE?

NOT ANYTHING
CAN BE DONE
FOR YOU! THERE'S
NO OPERATION!

I SEE! WELL
... THANK YOU
FOR EVERYTHING!
DOCTOR!



I WENT HOME TO MY WIFE JOAN! I
TOLD HER WHAT THE DOCTOR HAD
SAID...

YOU... YOU MEAN
YOU WON'T BE
ABLE TO ACT
ANYMORE?

HOW COULD
IT TO MISS MY
VOICE?
EXPRESSION
WOULD BE LOST!



THERE MUST BE
SOME FOLKS THEY
CAN DO! SO I SEE
SPECIALISTS?
WAKE UP!

I WILL, DEAR!
I WILL...



BUT EVERY DOCTOR I WENT TO TOLD ME THE SAME
STORY! IT WAS USELESS! WHEN I STARTED TO MISS
OUR DARTING...

SORRY, HARRY! WE'LL
HAVE TO GET ANOTHER
STAIR!

HUNT! WHAT DID YOU
SAY?



AND THEN IT CAME! THE THICK, HEAVY SILENCE! I
WAS STONE DEAF! I WALKED IN A WORLD OF STILL-
NESS! THE TRAFFIC, THE CROWDS, THE ORCHESTRA
IN MY DREAMS... ALL SILENT! I HAD TO LEARN TO
LIP-READ TO UNDERSTAND WHAT JOAN SAID TO ME...

I SAID OUR HOME'S PRACTICALLY
BONE! UNDERSTAND? WE'RE
ALMOST BONE... BONE...
CLEANED OUT!

YES, JOAN...



THINGS GOT WORSE! I TRIED TO FIND WORK, BUT I COULDN'T
DO ANYTHING! ACTING WAS ALL I KNEW! THEN I THOUGHT
OF AN OLD FRIEND, JOHN BAYNE! JOHN AND I HAD PLAYED
SUMMER STOCK TOGETHER! THEN JOHN HAD SOME BLIND!
I WENT TO SEE HIM...

WELL, WELL, HARRY GORDON!
IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU!

DID... DID YOU SAY MY
NAME, JOHN? I... I'M
DEAF! I CAN'T HEAR
YOU! DID YOU SAY MY
NAME?



OF COURSE! I RECOGNIZED
YOU IMMEDIATELY!

YOU CAN SEE?
THEN WHY DO YOU
WEAR DARK
GLASSES?



WILLIAM WINDOM

TO HIDE MY EYES? "GOOD LORD!"
THESE EYES?



JOHN'S EYES BLEARIED YELLOW IN
THE DIM LIGHT OF HIS ROOM. THEY
WERE THE EYES OF A CAT.

WHAT...WHAT DID
YOU DO TO
YOURSELF?
YOUR EYES...



YES? THEY'RE CAT'S
EYES! BUT HOW
DARE YOU, MURDERER!
I CAN SEE!



I HAD DIFFICULTY READING JOHN'S
LIPS, BUT I MANAGED TO UNDERSTAND
ENOUGH OF WHAT HE SAID TO GET
THE WHOLE STORY...

I FOUND
OUT ABOUT HIM THROUGH
ANOTHER EX-BLIND MAN. HE'S
A DEAFMUT. HE OPERATED ON
ME! I LOST THESE CAT'S
EYES! AND NOW, I CAN
SEE...



DO YOU THINK HE CAN HELP ME,
JOHN. RESTORE MY HEARING
THE SAME WAY?



WHY DON'T YOU GO
SEE HIM? I'LL GIVE
YOU HIS
ADDRESS...



THE SHOP WAS IN A DARK AND WINDING BACK STREET
IN THE SHABBIEST PART OF THE CITY. THERE WERE
STUFFED ANIMALS IN THE DIRT WINDOWS.



JOHN SAID HE WASN'T A
DOCTOR... BUT... THIS? THIS
LOOKS LIKE A ZOOLOGIST'S
SHOP!

I WENT IN. A LITTLE BELL TINKLED BEHIND A CLUTTERED
DOOR AT THE REAR OF THE SHOP. THE DOOR OF STALE-
MEND AND DRY HUNG HEAVILY ON THE AIR. HE CAME
FROM BEHIND THE CURTAIN. HE WAS TALL AND DARK,
DISTANT LOOKING...

YOU...
YOU WERE RECOMMENDED...
BY A FRIEND? YOU... HELPED
HIM TO SEE AGAIN? I
WONDERED IF...



I SEE BY THE WAY
YOU WATCH MY LIPS
THAT YOU ARE DEAF?
COME INTO THE BACK?
I WILL EXAMINE YOU?



THE REAR OF THE SHOP LOOKED LIKE AN ALCHEMIST'S
HIGHTMARE. THERE WERE BOTTLES AND JARS OF
VARIOUS COLORED LIQUIDS AND POWDERS. OUT IN THE
CENTER OF THE ROOM WAS A MODERN-LOOKING OPERAT-
ING TABLE WITH UP-TO-DATE EQUIPMENT. HE EXAMINED
ME BRIEFLY...



YOUR AUDITORY NERVES ARE
PARALYZED! I WILL HAVE TO REPLACE
YOUR WHOLE HEARING SYSTEM
WITH SOMETHING DIFFERENT...

WHAT DO YOU HAVE
IN MIND?

I PROPOSE TRANSFER-
RING THE AUDITORY
SYSTEM OF A RAT INTO
YOUR BODY...



A RAT?

TEST THE RAT'S AUDITORY SYSTEM IS **IMPOSED?**
IT IS **EXTRA-SENSITIVE!** IF THE OPERATION IS A
SUCCESS, YOU WILL BE ABLE TO **HEAR BETTER**
THAN YOU DID **BEFORE** YOU LOST YOUR HEARING...



I AGREE TO THE OPERATION! AFTER
ALL... WHAT DID I HAVE TO LOSE?

BREATHE DEEP, MR. GORDON!



WHEN I CAME OUT OF THE ANES-
THETIC, I LOOKED ABOUT! HE WAS
STANDING OVER ME! HE STARTED
TO SPEAK...

MY HEAD!
HOW DO YOU FEEL? DON'T TALK!



HIS VOICE SLAMMED INTO MY SPIRIT!
IT WAS HARSH AND LOUD...

YOU'LL GET USED
TO IT, MR. GORDON!

I... I
CERTAINLY
HOPE SO!



CAN YOU IMAGINE THE SENSATION? HAVE YOU EVER
TURNED A RADIO UP **FOUL BLAST?** THAT'S WHAT
EVERYTHING SOUNDED LIKE TO ME AS I MADE MY
WAY HOME! WHEN I OPENED THE DOOR I HEARD JOAN'S
VOICE! SHE WAS UPSTAIRS ON THE PHONE...

IS THERE HE JUST CAME IN? I'LL
HAVE TO RUN UP NOW, CARLINE!
SCOOBY, DEAREST? YES... OF
COURSE I LOVE YOU!



I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT! JOAN... AND ANOTHER
JOAN? I DECIDED NOT TO TELL JOAN ABOUT MY GOOD
FORTUNE... ABOUT MY HEARING BEING RESTORED! I
WANTED TO WAIT... TO FIND OUT MORE! THAT NIGHT,
I COULDN'T SLEEP! I GOT DRESSED AND WENT FOR
A WALK...



FUNNY! I HAVE THE
STRANGEST FEELING...
LIKE I WANT TO
SCREAM...

I GUESS I WALKED ALL NIGHT! WHEN I RETURNED, JOAN WRO-GONE! SHE HAD GOTTEN A JOB SINCE I LOST MY HEARING AND MUST HAVE LEFT EARLY THAT MORNING...



A HEAVY DROWSINESS CAME OVER ME? I DON'T REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP... BUT WHEN I WOKED



I SLOPPED TO THE FLOOR! I WAS IN A CLOSET! I HAD FALLEN ASLEEP HANGING UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE CLOTHES POLE



I STUMBLED INTO THE BATHROOM AND LOOKED AT MYSELF IN THE MIRROR? I NEEDED A SHAVE EARLY, BUT THERE WAS SOMETHING ELSE



I WAS FRIGHTENED? I SHOWN CAREFULLY CLEAVING MY FACE OF THE NIGHT? THEN I STEPPED INTO THE SHOWER! AS I WASHED MY ARM TO SOAP SOAP IT



I DRESSED QUICKLY AND RUSHED TO MY FRIEND JOHN'S HOUSE... JOHN WHO HAD FIRST RECOGNIZED THE STRANGE SHOP WITH ITS STILL STRANGER PROPRIETARY! IT WAS GETTING DARK OUTSIDE! I BLINK IN HIS DOOR WITHOUT KNOWING...



HIS ROOM WAS DARK! LIT! HIS FELINE EYES GLOWED WITH AN EERIE YELLOW LIGHT! HE LAY IN A CORNER, WHITE, PICKED-CLEAN, BORED ABOUT WHAT HIS FACE WAS COVERED WITH A DARK-BLACK FUR.



IT'S THAT HORRIBLE POND! HE... HE'S DONE SOMETHING TO ME! THESE AREN'T CAT'S EYES HE'S GIVEN ME! THEY'RE THE EYES OF A PANTHER! AND... I CAN'T HELP MYSELF! I... I HAVE AN URGENT LINE TO... *CALL!*

LOVE
HELP
ME!

JOHN CLAPPED ON A LIGHT...

LOOK AT ME! LOOK! I'M EVEN BEGINNING TO LOOK LIKE A PANTHER! DON'T GO TO HIM, HARRY! DON'T!

IT'S TOO
LATE, JOHN!
IT'S TOO
LATE!

JOHN SMILED! HIS EYES SHINED! I GOT OUT! I BEGAN TO WALK...

THAT EXPLAINS MY FALLING ASLEEP HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN THE CLOSET... THE SEET HAIR ON MY FACE... THE MEMORANE GROWING ACROSS MY ARMPITS! I... I'M TURNING INTO A BAT!

AND THAT NIGHT, AS I WALKED THROUGH THE BLACKNESS, I BEGAN TO UTTER SHORT SHRIIL SHRIERS! AND I LISTENED FOR THE SHRIERS TO ECHO BACK! I WAS USING THE BAT'S RADAR-LIKE DEVICE FOR TRAVELING THROUGH THE DARKNESS! WHEN DAWN CAME, I MADE MY WAY HOME...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ALL NIGHT? CAN YOU UNDERSTAND MET WHY DID YOU STAY OUT ALL NIGHT?

I... I GOT A JOB, JOAN! NIGHT WORK!

GOOD! THEN I'LL GIVE MYNE... TODAY!

IF YOU LIKE, JOAN! I... I'M TIRED! I'M GOING TO BED!

SHE WENT OUT AND I LAY EXHAUSTED ON THE BED! AGAIN, I DON'T REMEMBER FALLING ASLEEP, BUT WHEN I AWOKEL WAS HANGING UPSIDE DOWN IN THE CLOSET! I HEARD VOICES... JOAN'S VOICE... AND A MAN'S...

HE CARRIED A LARGE INSURANCE POLICY, \$-BLOOD! HE TOOK IT OUT WHILE HE WAS AGING AND MAKING GOOD MONEY!

IS IT STILL IN EFFECT?

I LISTENED FROM MY LAIR IN THE CLOSET, I LISTENED...

YES! THE PREMIUM IS DUE NEXT MONTH!

WE'LL BE RIGHT AFTER WE KILL HIM.



I COULDN'T BELIEVE MY EARS! THEY WERE PLANNING TO **KIDNAP** ME? I GOT DOWN FROM THE SLOTTED POLE AND SLOWLY OPENED THE DOOR...



GOT TO GET AWAY!
GOT TO GET AWAY
FROM THEM!

I RUSHED DOWN THE STAIRS AND **BOOM!** THE DOOR BEFORE THEY COULD STOP ME.

IT WAS **HARRY!** HE MUST HAVE **HEARD** US! HE'LL GO TO THE POLICE!

I'LL **STOP** HIM... IF I HAVE TO...



JOAN'S LOVER CAME AFTER ME! THE SIDEWALKS WERE DARK AND DESERTED! I... **RAN...** OTHERS LITTLE SHRIEL HIGH-PITCHED SHRIERS! THEY NAMED ME OF FENSER, DEAD-END ALLEYS, AND BLIND STREETS...



HURRY! IT'S NO USE! I'LL GET YOU...

AS I RAN, I LOOKED DOWN! CLAMS SPRANG FROM MY FINGERS WHERE NAILS HAD STOPPED...



AND WHEN I DO... **HARRY!**

I PULSED MY CLAMMED HAND OVER MY NOSE! IT WAS **HARRY!**... AND OVER MY LOWER LIP **HUSS!**...



FANST! I'VE SHOWN FANST!

WHEN I GET YOU, **HARRY!** I'LL KILL YOU!

I STOPPED RUNNING! THERE WAS NO NEED TO RUN ANY LONGER! I KNEW WHAT I HAD TO DO! JOAN'S LOVER CAME UP TO ME, LEECHING! THEN, HIS EYES WIDENED IN HORROR! I SPRANG AT HIM...



NO... **NO!** KEEP AWAY!

HE LAY SPRAWLED BRUTALLY ON THE COBBLESTONES... WHITE AS CHALK! TWO PUNCTURES THICKLED CLARKE ON HIS NECK! HE WAS DEAD! I HAD DRAINED HIS BLOOD...



I... I'M NOT...
JUST AN
ORDINARY
BAT...



I'M A VAMPIRE BAT!

I RAPIDLY FLEW BACK THROUGH THE STREETS TO MY HOUSE... BACK TO JOHN...

DO YOU GET HIM,
CARL... **HARRY!**
WHAT... WHAT'S
HAPPENED
TO YOU?

I KILLED
HIM, JOHN!



I KILLED HIM, AS YOU HAD PLANNED TO **KILL HER!** AND NOW I MUST KILL YOU... **FOR...**



NO, HARRY!
NO!

HER THINGY WAS WHITE AND SOFT... NOT LIKE HIS! WHEN I HAD FINISHED...



NOW, I'VE GOT TO GO AWAY...
AND **HIDE!**

I FOUND A PLACE... A Nice QUIET PLACE TO HIDE! IT'S IN THIS COFFIN, IN THIS MAUSOLEUM! WHAT DID I DO WITH THE BODY THAT OCCUPIED IT BEFORE I CAME? OH, I BROUGHT IT TO JOHN... MY FRIEND! HE MADE SHORT WORK OF IT!



HER, HEN? WELL, THAT'S HARRY'S STORY, KIDDIE! PERSONALLY, I THINK HE WAS A LITTLE **BATFE**. DON'T YOU? OH, BY THE WAY! IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY RECEIVED MY 5 BY 7 PICTURE... NOT A CRATING BUT AN ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPHED REPRODUCTION AS I APPEAR IN THE FLESH...



READ MY COLUMN, THE GRAY-ZEPPED'S JOURNAL! IN THIS ISSUE! AND NOW I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT BAW, THE OLD WITCH!

THE WITCH'S CAULDRON!



HMPH! NOW THAT YOU HAVE BEEN DULY BORED BY THE GHOST-KEEPER'S FAIRY TALE, I'LL TELL YOU A HORROR STORY! COME CLOSER AND GAZE INTO THE SHUDDERING CONTENTS OF MY CAULDRON! GAZE DEEP AND SOON YOU'LL SEE THE FIRST SCENE OF A CHILLING TALE I CALL...

THE LIVING DEATH!

LESTER JEROME AND ARNOLD WANNING HAD BEEN CLOSE FRIENDS ALL THROUGH THE YEARS AT MEDICAL SCHOOL. THEY HAD STUDIED TOGETHER AND GRADUATED TOGETHER! THEY HAD EVEN INFORMED TOGETHER AT THE SAME HOSPITAL! THEY HAD DONE EVERYTHING TOGETHER! AND, TOGETHER, THEY HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH THE SAME GIRL.



WHY LAUREN? WAKE UP YOUR WHIM! LESTER OR ME?

WHY NOT - BOTH OF YOU?

SAY, THAT'S NOT A BAD IDEA! WE'LL BOTH TAKE HER TO THE MOVIES, ARNOLD!

YES! LESTER AND ARNOLD HAD BEGUN THEIR MEDICAL CAREERS TOGETHER! BUT SOON, THEY BEGAN TO DRIFT APART! THEY BEGAN TO DIFFER IN THEORIES OF MEDICINE.



I SAY THAT THE MAJORITY OF ILL-NEEDED ARE NOTHING BUT PRODUCTS OF THE MIND! THEY ARE PSYCHOLOGICALLY INCURABLE!

SAH! LESTER, YOU'RE MAD! AN ILLNESS IS AN ILLNESS AND SHOULD BE TREATED AS SUCH!

AND SO LESTER JEROME AND ARNOLD MANNING CAME TO A CROSSROADS AND EACH WENT IN A DIFFERENT DIRECTION! LESTER TOOK THE PATH OF PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE... THE TREATMENT OF ILLNESSES THROUGH THE MIND, WHILE ARNOLD TOOK THE PATH OF SURGERY... THE TREATMENT OF ILLNESSES BY SCALPEL, NEEDLE, AND PILL!... THE GIRL THEY BOTH LOVED... STOOD BETWEEN THEM, TRYING TO MAKE UP HER MIND!



LAURIE AND LESTER BECAME ENMATED THE MONTHS WENT BY AND THE WEDDING DAY DREW NEAR! ABOUT A WEEK BEFORE THE EVENTUAL DAY LAURIE BECAME VERY SICK! SHE WAS RUINED TO THE HOSPITAL...

HERE, LESTER! HERE ARE THE X-RAYS! LOOK FOR YOURSELF! SHE HAS A TUMOROUS GROWTH ON HER HEART! AN OPERATION MIGHT SAVE HER LIFE!

NIGHT, YOU SAY? WHAT ARE HER CHANCES, ARNOLD?



THEN, ONE DAY, ARNOLD MANNING, THE SURGEON, RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM LAURIE! HE WENT TO HER ROOM...

I... I DON'T KNOW TO SAY THAT, ARNOLD. BUT, WELL... LESTER HAS ASKED ME TO MARRY HIM, AND I'VE ACCEPTED! I'M... GLAD!

OH! I FEEL WELL. I HOPE YOU'LL BOTH BE VERY HAPPY TOGETHER!



I... I CAN'T TELL, LESTER! MAYBE ONE CHANCE IN TEN! IT'S A VERY DELICATE OPERATION!

THEN I WON'T ALLOW YOU TO PERFORM IT! I'LL SAVE HER THROUGH PSYCHOSOMATIC MEDICINE BY MYSELF! I'M SURE I CAN!



DON'T BE A FOOL, LESTER! SURGERY IS THE ONLY WAY! YOU CAN'T STOP A TUMOR THROUGH PSYCHOLOGY!

YES! IT'S POSSIBLE! BY HYPNOTISM I'LL REMOVE IT! AFTER ALL... GROWTH IS CONTROLLED BY THE BRAIN!



I'M IN CHARGE HERE, DOCTOR JEROME! THERE'S NO TIME FOR YOUR PSYCHOSOMATIC HOOD-WADD! LAURIE'S LIFE IS AT STAKE.

BUT YOU ADMITTED THAT SHE DOESN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE!



YES! BUT THERE'S STILL THAT CHANCE! I'M ORDERING THE OPERATION! I SHALL PERFORM IT MYSELF!

NO! GIVE ME A TRY! PLEASE!



BUT LESTER DIDN'T GET HIS CHANCE! THE HOSPITAL BOARD VOTED HIM DOWN, AND DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING PERFORMED THE OPERATION! HE DID HIS BEST, BUT



THE ONE DIED, LESTER?

OH I DROPPED NO!

I COULD HAVE SAVED HER! I COULD HAVE SAVED HER IF YOU HAD GIVEN ME THE CHANCE! YOU KILLED HER, MANNING! YOU AND YOUR SURGERY!



...I DID ALL I COULD, LESTER!

AND? YOU COULDN'T HAVE LISTENED TO ME! BUT NO! YOU'RE A SHAMELESS FOP-ATE FOUT! THAT'S ALL YOU KNOW!



WELL, I'LL ZAP YOU, DOCTOR MANNING! SOMEDAY, I'LL CONVINCE YOU THAT I WAS RIGHT!

POORFOL, DOCTOR JEROME! PERHAPS, BUT I DOUBT IT!



AND SO THE YEARS PASSED! DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING BECAME A WORLD FAMOUS SURGEON, WHILE DOCTOR LESTER JEROME REMAINED AN OSCURE PSYCHOLOGICAL THEORIST.

DOO JEROME! I WOULDN'T GO TO HIM ON A JIFF! HE DON'T GIVE YOU FELLE OR NOTHING! JUST HYPNOTIZES YOU. PSYCHOANALYZES YOU.

THE BOY DUGHT TO BE PSYCHO-ANALYZED HIMSELF! HE'S AOTS!



ONE DAY, WHILE DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING WAS PERFORMING A ROUTINE OPERATION...



DOCTOR MANNING! WHAT IS IT?

O...EAS...CAN'T SEE? EVERYTHING... IS BLURRED! TAKE OVER...DOCTOR...

DOCTOR MANNING SLUMPED TO THE FLOOR, UNCONSCIOUS. HIS ASSISTANT TOOK OVER WHILE THEY CARRIED DOCTOR MANNING OUT OF THE OPERATING ROOM TO A HOSPITAL BED.



NO PAIN DRAGION! GET HIM TO X-RAY... AT ONCE!

PUPILS DILATED.

DOCTOR! YOU MEAN...



YES! IT LOOKS LIKE
A URGENT TUMOR!

GIVE ME
X-RAY!
IMMEDIATELY!



SEVERAL HOURS LATER, DR. MARNING
SEEMED CONSCIOUSNESS, WHICH HE
LOOKED AROUND.

YOU COLLAPSED
WHILE OPERATING.
DOCTOR? HOW DO
YOU FEEL?

I HAVE A
SEVERE HEAD-
ACHE! WHAT
WHAT'S AROUND
WITH ME?



HERE, DOCTOR MARNING
DON'T LOOK AT THESE
X-RAYS!

DEFERRED
FUNDAY!
I'VE BEEN
PRESSURE THE
MAN IS... IS...
NO!



YES, DOCTOR MARNING! THESE
ARE DANGEROUS X-RAYS!

BUT, WITH A TUMOR
LIKE THIS, AN
IMMEDIATE OPERATION
IS IMPERATIVE ON
BLUE...



DEATH IN TWO MONTHS AT
THE MOST, DOCTOR MARNING!

AND... ONE DANGER IS
IF I THAT THE OPER-
ATION WILL SAVE MY
LIFE? AND... I'M THE
ONLY MAN THAT CAN
SUCCESSFULLY PER-
FORM IT!



HILL, HILL! THAT'D BE SOME FRACKIN' DEAR READER!
HEP' ARNOLD CERTAINLY WAS IN A HORRIBLE PREDIC-
AMENT.

DOCTOR MARNING!
WHAT ABOUT DOCTOR
JEROME? BE GLAD
THAT A TUMOR GROWTH
CAN BE CONTROLLED BY...

NO! HE'S A MAD DOCTOR!
I... I'S RATHER... GULP...



HILL, HILL! I'M GET HIM, DEAR READER! HE'S RATHER
DUE. PRETTY STUBBORN WASN'T HE? WELL, HE
CHANGED HIS MIND. DOCTOR MARNING THOUGHT IT
OVER REAL HARD...

WELL, WELL! THE FAMOUS SUR-
GEON, DOCTOR ARNOLD MARNING,
AND TO WHAT DO I OWE THE
EXTREME PLEASURE...

I... I'M HERE
PROFESSIONALLY,
DOCTOR JEROME!

DOCTOR LESTER JEROME STOPPED ASIDE AND DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING ENTERED THE NEAT WHITE OFFICE! ONCE THERE, HE EXPLAINED TO DOCTOR JEROME THE REASON FOR HIS VISIT! DOCTOR LESTER JEROME LISTENED QUIETLY, AND THEN... WHEN DOCTOR MANNING HAD FINISHED... BOSTER CUT LAUGHING!

SO! THE REPEATED DOCTOR MANNING TURNS TO *PERFECT SOMATIC MACHINERY* AS A LAST RESORT, EN? NOW, YOU RELUCTANTLY AGREE TO GIVE ME A CHANCE, LESTER, EN?

DO NOT LAUGH, LESTER!

WHY SHOULDN'T I LAUGH, ARNOLD? WHEN *LAUREL* STOOD BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH, I WAS A *DOCTOR*... A *CHARLATAN!* BUT NOW WHEN YOUR LIFE IS AT STAKE... YOU COME RUNNING? WELL... I CANNOT REFUSE YOU! IN FACT, IT WILL GIVE ME GREAT PLEASURE TO *PROVE* THAT I AM CORRECT...



LESTER AND ARNOLD MANNING INTO A DIMLY LIT ROOM! HE DEATED HIM IN A COMFORTABLE CHAIR AND TRAINED A SPOTLIGHT ON HIS EYES...

WHAT... WHAT IF I SHOULD *DIE* WHILE UNDER YOUR HYPNOTIC TRANCE, LESTER?

YOU WILL NOT DIE, ARNOLD! I'LL SEE TO THAT!



SOON DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING'S EYES GREW HEAVY! UNDER THE SPELL OF DOCTOR LESTER'S SOFT BOOMING TONES, ARNOLD FELL INTO A DEEP HYPNOTIC SLEEP...

YOU WILL REMAIN IN THIS STATE UNTIL I UTTER THE WORD 'LAUREL' UNDER... THEN YOU WILL AWAKE! DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

I STAND.



AND WHILE YOU ARE IN THIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE, ARNOLD... YOU WILL NOT DIE! REMEMBER! YOU WILL NOT DIE...

I WILL... NOT... DIE...



NOW OPEN YOUR EYES! YOU WILL SPEAK AND ACT NORMALLY WHILE YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS MIND REMAINS HYPNOTIZED! YOU ARE FREE TO GET HOME BACK IN TWO DAYS!

THANK YOU, DOCTOR JEROME!



DOCTOR ARNOLD MARRING LEFT DOCTOR JEROME'S OFFICE AND WALKED THOUGHTFULLY TOWARD HIS HOME AS HE CROSSED A BUSY INTERSECTION...



THEY PULLED ARNOLD FROM BENEATH THE CAR! THE FRONT WHEELS HAD ROLLED OVER HIM! HE WAS IN A COMA...



THE SAIL OF THE AMBULANCE SWIRL SCREAMED THROUGH THE CITY AS ARNOLD MARRING WAS CARRIED TO THE HOSPITAL...



A HASTY EXAMINATION FOLLOWED:



WHEN DOCTOR MANNING DID NOT RETURN TO DOCTOR JEROME'S OFFICE IN TWO DAYS, LESTER INQUIRED AT THE HOSPITAL AND LEARNED ABOUT THE ACCIDENT...

AND ALTHOUGH HE IS DEAD, HE MOVES... AROUND? HE DOES NOT DEAD?

GENTLEMEN! I CAN EXPLAIN...

DOCTOR MANNING CAME TO MEY HE ASKED ME TO CARRY A TUNOR BY HYPNOTISM! I PUT HIM IN A TRANCE AND ASSURED HIM THAT HE WOULD NOT DIE WHILE IN THIS HYPNOTIC STATE! SO... HE CANNOT DIE UNTIL I RELEASE HIM! NOW WILL HE DELAY ON TAKE ON ANY OF DEATH'S CHARACTERISTICS?

POOPY-DOCK! POOLISH-NESS!

RECALCULAT!

OH! YOU DOUBT ME? THEN FOD! FIGURE IT OUT! GENTLEMEN! GOOD DAY!

A MONTH WENT BY! THEN TWO MONTHS! DOCTOR ARNOLD MANNING REMAINED IN THE SAME CONDITION! THEN ONE DAY, THE HOSPITAL SUMMONED DOCTOR LESTER JEROME...

YESTERDAY, DOCTOR MANNING REMAINED COMEOLU-NESS! HE M-HAYED AND FOUND THAT HIS CEREBRAL TUNOR HAS ALMOST ENTIRELY DISAPPEARED! HIS HEART STILL DOES NOT BEAT! HE ASKED FOR YOU! HE IS IN TERRIFIED FEAR!

GOOD! TAKE ME TO HIM!

DOCTOR LESTER JEROME SMILED AT THE WITHING! ARNOLD MANNING...

HELP... ME... LESTER? THE... FEAR... MY... HEART... DO... SOMETHING! THEY... TELL ME... THAT... BY ALL... MEDICAL STAND-ARDS... I AM... DEAD!

YES, ARNOLD! YOU'VE BEEN DEAD FOR ALMOST THREE MONTHS! I'VE KEPT YOU FROM DECAYING THROUGH HYPNOSIS! YOUR TUNOR IS GONE, TOO! YOU SEE... I COULD HAVE SAVED LADYME... I... WHAT... THE...

DOCTOR LESTER JEROME HAD UTTERED THE WORD 'LADYME', THE WORD THAT WOULD RELEASE ARNOLD MANNING FROM HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE! AS THE GATHERED DOCTORS WATCHED, HORRIFIED, ARNOLD FELL BACK LIMPLY ON THE BED! HIS SKIN SHIVERED, AND TURNED FROM PINK TO BLUE TO A SICKENING BROWN! HIS EYES SUNK DEEP INTO HIS HEAD! THEN THEY BECAME HOLLOW BLACK SOCKETS! THE FLESH... ROTTED AND SPRINKLE, FELL FROM HIS BONES! SOON, THE BED WAS COVERED WITH NOTHING BUT A BERTHING, GLOOMING MASS OF PUTRID AND DECAYED FLESH...

MEH... HERE! TO ARNOLD FINALLY GASTRAT OF WITH HIMSELF! WHAT WAS LEFT OF HIMSELF, ANYWAY? WELL... HOW LONG CAN A DEAD MAN FIGHT OFF DECAY, OH! IT'S SOUND TO MEAN FOR SOME SOONER OR LATER! OF COURSE WITH ARNOLD IT HAD TO MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME! TOO! HAD ARNOLD DIDN'T LISTEN TO LESTER, ANYWAY? MAYBE HE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD SUCH A MASS OF HIMSELF TOY, NOW! I'LL TURN YOU OVER TO THAT PURVEYER OF FARTY TALK... THE HAULT-KEEPER!

OH, IS THE WIT? IF YOU WANT A PHOTO OF ME IN THE FLESH, READ THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S COMMENT!



CURSE!

He patted the gun-holster at his side; it reassured him and he pressed on through the matted undergrowth of the jungle. It couldn't be much farther, he reflected . . . according to the map the site was a mile east of the River of Doom.

Imagine those idiots, back in Port Au Prince, he chuckled, as he hacked his way forward. Isn't it just like these Haitians . . . falling for every VooDoo story they hear! They're positive that a fortune in jewels is hidden in this crumbling dump, yet no one has the guts to trek through the jungle after it, just because there's supposed to be a deadly curse on the house where the stuff is hidden! He patted the heavy revolver at his side once again. His gun would take care of any curse careless enough to try to keep him from getting his hands on that treasure! Let the Haitians beware of the curse they dreaded . . . the gun at his hip made him safe from this outlandish VooDoo superstition!

The clearing opened with unexpected suddenness in front of him, and under the dripping centuries-old trees he saw the dilapidated house they had described to him. It was ghostly, with that vapor seeming to rise from its sides; he thought, moving cautiously toward the sagging front door and into the dank building. He froze in his tracks immediately. Someone was seated in a chair in the center of the floor, staring off into the murkiness of the room. Quietly, taking great pains not to make a sound,

he drew the revolver from its holster, took aim and fired, at point-blank range.

Three shots rang out, and he smiled grimly as he moved toward the crumbling cabinets along one of the walls. He wasn't considered a dead-shot for nothing! He hadn't expected to find anybody sitting here and guarding that fortune in jewels . . . but he had taken care of whoever it was, anyway! The curse be damned!

The cabinets were full of sparkling jewels . . . there was a king's ransom tucked away in this hovel, his lot the taking! Suddenly the floor creaked behind him and he whirled, his hand gripping the revolver. The chair in which he had left his victim . . . it was empty! And by the glittering light of the gems he could see that there was no pool of blood where there should have been one! His head moved slightly as he slipped the safety catch on his revolver and he saw approaching . . . slowly, ominously, as if there was all eternity to accomplish its task . . . a being with the bloodless look of something long dead! Twice he fired the gun, almost convulsively . . . and still the creature kept advancing, never wavering, never altering its funereal pace!

In the next instant the truth burst in upon him in a wave of panic. This curse he had heard whispered about at Port Au Prince . . . it was one of the *Walking Dead*! THAT was why no one would accompany him on his trek . . . they knew that bullets were pathetically useless against one of the dreaded creatures!

And now the curse was reaching out and touching him, and a chill such as he had never before felt was moving down his body. It was all over, he knew, in his last moment of consciousness! He had been claimed, body and soul, by a *ZOMBIE*!

THE VAULT OF HORROR!



HELLO, AGAIN, YOU LITTLE MONSTERS! I GUESS YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTANTLY WAITING FOR THIS LATEST TALE FROM MY PRIVATE COLLECTION OF HORROR STORIES! WELL, HEH, HEH. I WON'T DISAPPOINT YOU! THIS TIME I'LL TELL YOU A TRULY ~~REPOLYFIFY~~ YARN, SO SET A STRONG HOLD ON YOUR STOMACH! HEH! I CALL IT

MIDNIGHT SNACK!



SCENE: THE HOME OF DUNCAN REYNOLDS! TIME: MIDNIGHT!







YES, SIR? WHAT'LL IT BE?

...LET'S SEE! I'LL HAVE ER... I'LL...

SMPP! **SMPP!**
"HEN!" WHAT A SICKENING GOON!



...SIZZLING HAMBURGERS! THAT, THAT BACON FRYING! I'M... I'M SO HUNGRY! SO HUNGRY, AND YET... THE SMELL OF FOOD COOKING MAKES ME **AA!**!



WELL, MISTER, WHAT'LL IT BE?

...CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT? THAT COOKED MEAT IS... MAKING ME HANDEGUT?



HEH? HEH! POOR DUNCAN! HE WANTS SO MUCH TO EAT SOMETHING... ONLY HE DOESN'T KNOW WHAT IT IS THAT HE **WANTS!** ANYWAY, HE STUMBLES OUT INTO THE STREET AND SPENDS SEVERAL MINUTES THERE, REGAINING HIS COMPOURE...



...EVERYTHING SEEMS SO **DOGGERED** TONIGHT? I... I **DOUNT** TO GO HOME, BUT SOMETHING... SOMETHING WON'T LET ME! I... CAN'T CONTROL MYSELF.



(**OLA-AGA!**) JUST THE THOUGHT OF THAT **DOGGED** FOOD SICKENS ME! **HEN!** NEVER HAPPENED TO ME **BEFORE!** **HMPP!** LAST TIME I'LL EVER GO INTO **JNMF** RESTAUR...



...GEE? I... I FEEL... **DIZZY!** AWFULLY **DIZZY!** FEEL LIKE I'M... GOING TO PASS OUT...

B. BLACKNESS CLOUDES HIS EYES AND MIND! HE FEELS HIMSELF FLOATING IN A WHIRLING VOID... AND THEN, SUDDENLY, IT IS OVER...

WHAT IS... A GEMETERY?
HOW DID I GET HERE? WHERE'S
THE RESTAURANT? AND THIS
SHOVEL? HOW DID I GET THIS
SHOVEL?



AGAINST HIS WILL, HE ENTERS THE COMETERY AND GOES FROM ONE GRAVE TO ANOTHER...

WHAT AM I DOING? WHAT AM I LOOKING
FOR? HAVE I GONE CRAZY? WAIT! THIS
GRAVE! A RECENT ONE!



NOW I KNOW WHY I HAVE
THIS SHOVEL! BECAUSE I
HAVE TO DIG UP THIS... THIS
GRAVE! THIS BRAND NEW
GRAVE!



BEWILDERED, AND DRIVEN BY
A FURY HE CANNOT RESIST,
DUNCAN AGAIN AND AGAIN DIGS
DEEPER INTO THE EARTH!



FINALLY THE COFFIN IS SAVED,
THE LID RAISED...

AND HERE IT IS! HERE IS
WHAT I'VE BEEN SEARCHING
FOR ALL EVERING!



SUDDENLY, A SPARK OF REALIZATION SEEPS
INTO HIS CONSCIOUSNESS... A REALIZATION OF
WHAT HE IS ABOUT TO DO!

GOOD LORD! I... I MUST BE INSANE!
WANTING TO... TO... NO! NO! DON'T
LET ME DO IT!



OH, PLEASE! PLEASE! DON'T MAKE
ME DO IT! BUT... BUT I... MAKE TO
SOMETHING'S FORGIVE ME FO... OH-H
I... I FEEL... GUILT ASH...



HEH, HEH! AGAIN THE EMPTY TERRIFYING BLACK-
NESS SURROUNDS HIM, AND WHEN HE REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS...

WHA...WHAT? MUST
HAVE PASSED OUT AGAIN? I...I FEEL SO
STRANGE! I...GOOD LORD! THE...THE CORPSE!
WHAT HAVE I DONE?!



HE STARES, HORRIFIED, AT THE MUTILATED,
PARTIALLY DEVoured BODY BEFORE HIM...

L. I ~~TRIED~~ NOT TO DO IT! I ~~TRIED~~! BUT
THE CRAVING WAS TOO
STRONG! I...WHAT'S
THAT NOISE?



PEOPLE! A CROWD OF
PEOPLE... WITH TORCHES!
THEY'RE AFTER ME...
GOING THIS WAY!



THEY WANT TO TAKE AWAY MY
FOOD! BUT I WON'T LET
THEM! I'LL RUN AWAY
WITH IT!



THEY'VE SEEN ME!...HAVE TO
RUN FASTER! I'LL HIDE MY
FOOD! MUSTN'T LET THEM
CATCH ME!



TIRING UNDER THE CORPSE'S WEIGHT AS HE
DODGES AND WEIGHS THROUGH THE GRAVEYARD,
DUNCAN SUDDENLY TRIPS...AND FALLS!



AN ETERNITY SEEMS TO PASS, BUT FINALLY HIS
ARM QUIVERS... HIS EYES FLICKER AND OPEN...

WHE! I'M BACK HOME! WHERE...WHERE'S
THE GRAVEYARD...THE CORPSE? OH...I...I
GET IT NOW! HUH! I'VE BEEN HERE ALL THE
TIME! MUST HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP!
I'VE ONLY BEEN DREAMING!





It was a diabolical plot! Ralph was sure
Cora would be...

SCARED TO DEATH!



Cora clatched her shawl tightly around her throat and stared horrified into the darkness of the hallway outside her room! Ralph, her husband, cradled the arm of her wheelchair, staring at her...

HE... HE'S COMING, CORA!
YOUR UNCLE'S COMING
FOR US!

NO! NO, RALPH! I
WON'T BELIEVE IT!



Cora's face was wet with perspiration! Her hand trembled... the knuckles whitened... as she drew her shawl protectively about her! Ralph smiled slightly as he watched her reaction! It was going to work! IT WAS TO!

LISTEN, CORA! LISTEN! HE
FOOTSTEPS... ON THE STAIRS!
HE'S COMING TO AVENGE HIS
MURDER!

STOP IT, RALPH!
STOP IT...



TEARS FILLED CORA'S EYES! THEY SPILLED OVER THE RIM OF HER EYELIDS AND RAN CRABBY DOWN HER CHEEKS! SHE BEGAN TO SOB... HEAVENS! SOON THAT WACKED HER BODY AND SHIFTED HER WHEELCHAIR.



REMEMBER, CORA? REMEMBER THE NIGHT WE KILLED HIM?

CORA GASPED! RALPH CHUCKLED TO HIMSELF! POOR CORA! ONE MORE HEART ATTACK WILL SURELY KILL HER! THE DOCTOR HAD TOLD RALPH...



REMEMBER, CORA? WE DID IT... FOR HIS MONEY!

P. PLEASE, RALPH! SOB... SOB, PLEASE DON'T...

AS RALPH WATCHED CORA, HIS THOUGHTS WENT BACK... BACK OVER THE LONG MONTHS TO THE BEGINNING! IT HAD ALL STARTED AT A COCKTAIL PARTY GIVEN BY HER UNCLE IN CORA'S HONOR...



REALLY, FRANK? I FEEL TERRIBLE ABOUT THIS! GOING TO A PARTY WITHOUT AN INVITATION!

FORGET IT, RALPH! CORA'S UNCLE SHOULDN'T KNOW YOU WERE VISITING ME!



YES, BUT...

SHHHH! HERE HE COMES NOW!

AM, FRANK? GLAD YOU CAME! WHO'S YOUR FRIEND?

OH, THIS IS RALPH WEATHERBERRY FROM NEW YORK! I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF BRINGING HIM ALONG TO YOUR NIECE'S PARTY! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND!

NOWHERE! HOW DO YOU DO, RALPH? I'M CORA'S UNCLE, ALEX WEATHERBERRY! GLAD TO HAVE YOU!

RALPH SMILED TO HIMSELF AS HE WATCHED CORA SCURRY IN HER WHEELCHAIR! YES! THAT WAS WHEN HE HAD FIRST MET HER.



HEY, FRANK? WHO'S THE PRETTY ONE!

THAT'S YOUR HOSTESS, CORA WEATHERBERRY! SHE SETS ALL THIS UP WHEN THE OLD GEEZER DROPS! SOLE HEIR...

SOLE HEIR? ALL OF ALEX WEATHERBERRY'S WEALTH WOULD BE CORA'S SOME DAY! SUDDENLY IT HAD COME TO RALPH... THE WHOLE PLAN...



WELL, FRANK? YOU'RE SOME PAL! AIN'T YOU GOING TO INTRODUCE ME?

OH, YEAH? SURE, RALPH! 'GONNA GONNA...

THERE WAS A HORSE BELOW? CORA JUMPED, SAYING FOR BREATH! RALPH CROSSED HER. HER ORAL-WHITE SKIN. HER WRINKLED FOREHEAD SHE WASN'T PRETTY NOT ANYMORE! NOT AS SHE HAD BEEN WHEN HE HAD FIRST ASKED...

WILL YOU MARRY ME, CORA? I KNOW WE'VE ONLY KNOWN EACH OTHER A SHORT TIME, YET.

OH, RALPH! DO YOU REALLY WANT ME?

AGAIN RALPH LAUGHED SILENTLY! CORA... ADMITS THE PUNISHMENT! LIKE NOW... CRIMINALS... SNAKING! THE BILLY BOO! HE HAD WANTED HER UNCLE'S MONEY... NOT HER...

THEN, YOU... YOU'LL SAY YES?

OF COURSE, DARLING! OF COURSE I'LL MARRY YOU!



NOT THAT CORA HAD BEEN SO BAD TO LOOK AT BACK THEN! YES! TO RALPH, EXPERIENCED, WORLDLY, SURE... THE MONEY HAD SEEMED SO MUCH MORE ATTRACTIVE.

THE WIND OUTSIDE CORA'S BED-ROOM WHISTLED THROUGH THE TREES! ANOTHER NOISE... ANOTHER GASP! RALPH ENCLOSED HER CLOSELY. SHE WAS BREATHING HEAVEN, NOW... PAINFULLY.

AND THEN THE WEDDING! RALPH ESPECIALLY REMEMBERED THE WEDDING! NOW HE HAD SLIPPED THE RING ON HER FINGER, SAYING THE WORDS... BUT THINKING...



WHAT WAS THAT, CORA? NO, SURE ANOTHER FOOTSTEP. I WANT... ON THE STAIRS... IT CAN'T BE...

WITH THIS RING... NO, YOU AND YOUR IMPORTANCE!



AH, THE NIGHTMOON! THE DRIVE TO EUROPE... ON THE OLD MAN'S MONEY...

AND THEN THOSE HOTTER MONTHS AT THE PLANT! WORKING, LIKE ANY OTHER LABORER, IN THE OLD MAN'S PLANT...

WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MOON TONIGHT! LOVE ME, DARLING!

WITH ALL MY HEART, CORA!

NOT TO MARRY AT THE BOTTOM, SOME SOMEBODY THIS PLANT WILL BE CORA'S... AND YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN IT

OF COURSE, UNCLE ALEX! I UNDERSTAND I WANT TO LEARN



WANTED IT! RALPH HAD ASKED IT! HATED EVERY-
THING ABOUT IT! AND THEN IT HAD COME TO HIM! THE
PERFECT SOLUTION...



OF COURSE! WHAT A POOL, I'VE
SEEN! NOW, WHY WAIT TILL
THE OLD GEEKER DIES? WHY
NOT... HELP HIM?

YES! THE NEXT FEW MONTHS HAD BEEN TOUGH
ON RALPH! HE HAD HAD TO BE ON HIS TOES! CONVINING
SOPH WASN'T EASY.

AND
THEN, IN FRONT OF THE MEN,
HE INSULTED ME... CALLED
ME INCOMPETENT...
A RUMORFELL!

OH, RALPH, DARLING!
I'M SO SORRY!
I'LL... I'LL SPEAK
TO HIM.



IT HAD TAKEN PATIENCE... AND
INGENUITY.

NO, SOPH! I'LL
FIGHT MY OWN
BATTLES!

I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND HIS ACTIONS!
I REALLY CAN'T!

HE HAD HAD TO USE CAREFUL
THINGS... PSYCHOLOGY...

...CALLED ME A FOLD-
SWITCH! ACCUSED ME
OF MARRIAGE! FOR
FOR YOUR INHERITANCE!

AND
THE
MATERIAL,
OLD.

BEST! AND THEN HE SAID THAT HE'D
CUT FORD OUT OF HIS WILL!

HE ACCUSED FORD OF
THE SAME THING...
THAT ALL FORD
CARED ABOUT WAS
HIS MONEY!

LET HIM!
HE'S NOTHING
BUT A BITTER
UNFORTUNATE OLD
SKINFLINT!



A PUSHOVER... THAT'S WHAT SOPH HAD ALWAYS BEEN!
AT FIRST SHE HAD VIOLENTLY OBJECTED, BUT SOON...
SHE HAD RELUCTANTLY AGREED.

WHY NOT? IT'S FORD'S MONEY,
RIGHT? HE'S OLD! HE'S
LIVED HIS LIFE! IT'LL
BE EASY.

ALL RIGHT!
ALL RIGHT!
WE'LL KILL
HIM!



AND SO, ONE NIGHT, AN OLD UNCLE ALEX WERTHORN
HAD BEEN STROLLING NEAR THE POND ON HIS VAST
ESTATE...



THEY HAD PUT HIM, UNCONSCIOUS,
PAGE DOWN IN THE FORD.

IT'LL LOOK LIKE
HE FELL STRUCK
HIS HEAD AND
DROWNED!

OH, RALPH! I,
BOB, I'M
AFRAID!

LATER THAT NIGHT THEY HAD
CALLED THE POLICE

YES! HE WENT OUT
ABOUT THREE HOURS
AGO... AND HADN'T
COME BACK!

THE POLICE HAD COME... HAD
SEARCHED THE GROUNDS... AND
FOUND HIM...

POOR OLD BINK!
'CLIPPED AND
FELL... GUESSES!

WELL, LET'S GET
HIM INSIDE!



YES, THEY'D GOTTEN AWAY WITH IT! CORA INHERITED THE
MONEY BUT SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO HER! PERHAPS
IT WAS HER CONSCIENCE BOOTHERING HER! ANYWAY SHE'D
BEGUN TO BROOD. LOOK WHO!... AND RAPIDLY

CORA! YOU'VE BEEN LOOKING
TERRIBLE, LATELY! YOU'VE GOT
TO FORGET ABOUT IT, DO
YOU HEAR?

I CAN'T, RALPH!
(BOB) I, CAN'T!



SHE HAD DROWN HERSELF... FRIGHTENED! SHE'D JUMP
AT EVERY SOUND! THEN SHE'D HAD HER HEART ATTACK...

SHE'S A SICK WOMAN, RALPH!
ANOTHER ATTACK WILL
SURELY KILL HER! SHE
MUST TAKE IT VERY
EASY...

I UNDERSTAND, BOOTH!



AND SO THE IDEA HAD COME TO RALPH! WITH CORA
DEAD, THE WEATHERLY FORTUNE WOULD BE HIS...
ALL OF IT! AND CORA WOULD BE A PIONEER...

GOOD LORD!



WHAT? WHAT IS IT,
RALPH?

I... I THOUGHT I SAW HIS FACE...
UNCLE ALEX'S FACE... STARRING
AT US! THROUGH THE WINDOW!

NO! YOU'RE JOKING...
BOB... WITH ME?



THE WIND FLAMMED A SHOTTER
DOWNSTAIRS AND RALPH SHRIEPPED
OUT OF HIS REVERIE! CORA, STILL
TREMBLING, WAS STARING INTO THE
DARKENED HALLWAY...

WHAT WAS THAT?
ANOTHER FOOTSTEP?

NO-NO!
I.E...



RALPH SMILED! THIS NIGHT...THE
WIND...EVERYTHING HAD BEEN PER-
FECT! 'I SHOULD HAVE BEEN AN
ACTOR', HE THOUGHT! ANY MOMENT
NOW...ANY MOMENT HER FOUNDRING
HEART WOULD FAIL...

HE'S COMING, CORA!
DON'T YOU HEAR HIM?

YES...
I...



SUDDENLY HER EYES SEEMED TO
POP OUT OF HER HEAD! RALPH
WHISTLED! 'THIS IS IT, CORA!', HE
THOUGHT! SHE HEAVED A FINAL
WRETCHING SIGH AND DOUBLED UP...

CORA!



RALPH BENT OVER HER! SHE WAS DEAD...

POOR
CORA!
POOR...POOR
CORA!



SUDDENLY THERE WAS A SOUND IN THE DARKENED
HALLWAY...

WHAT WAS
THAT?

CREAK



IT CAME THROUGH THE DOOR! IT WAS BENT OVER...
LIKE AN OLD MAN...



THE STENCH OF GRAVE-MOUNDS FILLED THE ROOM...

KEEP AWAY!
KEEP AWAY
FROM ME!



THE THING REACHED OUT ITS ROT-
TED ARM FOR RALPH... MOVING
TOWARD HIM...



THE CLOTHING HUNG IN SHREDS
FROM ITS MASSOT-COVERED LIMBS!
RALPH CLAWED AT ITS FACE AND
PIECES OF DEAD-FOUL-SMELLING
FLESH CAME OFF IN HIS HANDS...



IT LIFTED HIM IN A VICE-LIKE GRIP
AND CARRIED HIM DOWN THE STAIRS!
THE OOR OF DECAY BURNED RALPH'S
NOSTRILS AS HE STRUGGLED FOR
AIR...



THE THING WAS STRONG! IT HELD HIM FAST! IT STUM-
BLED OUT ACROSS THE WELL-KEPT LAWNS AND DOWN
THE BLADE TO THE POND! RALPH BEGAN TO SCREAM...



IT STEPPED INTO THE POND...LEADING OUT TO THE
MIDDLE! THE POND BOTTOM WAS SOFT OUT THERE...
LIKE SUPERGLUE! RALPH'S SCREAMING WAS WILD...
ALMOST ANIMAL... LIKE...



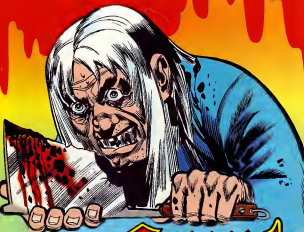
THE THING STOOD ARISE... THERE IN THE CENTER OF
THE POND...CLUTCHING THE STRUGGLING RALPH! SLOWLY,
THEY BEGAN TO SINK... DEEPER AND DEEPER INTO THE
SOFT MUD...



DOWN...DOWN...UNTIL ONLY RALPH'S UPSTRETCHED
HAND REMAINED ABOVE THE SURFACE...



AND THEN...EVEN THAT DISAPPEARED INTO THE MUD!



The Crypt Keeper



PAPER CUT Z

PROUDLY PRESENTS THE SORDID
SECOND ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN,
REED CRANDALL, JOHNNY CRAIG, JACK DAVIS, WILL ELDER, GEORGE
EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, HARVEY KURTZMAN, JOE
ORLANDO, MARIE SEVERIN, AL WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"THE TENANT"

NEIL KLEID

WRITER

STEVE MANNION

ARTIST

MARK LERER

LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"THE GARDEN"

FRED VAN LENTE

WRITER

MR. EXES

ARTIST

MARK LERER

LETTERER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

JIM SALICRUP

WRITER

RICK PARKER

ARTIST/TITLE LETTERER

MARK LERER

LETTERER

STEVE MANNION

COVER ARTIST

TERRY NANTIER



THE PUBLISHER

JIM SALICRUP



EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

CARICATURES DRAWN BY STEVE BROOKER
AT THE 2005 MOCCA ART FEST.

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TERROR



PAPERBACK
NO. 2
ALL-NEW!

TALES



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FROM THE

CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER

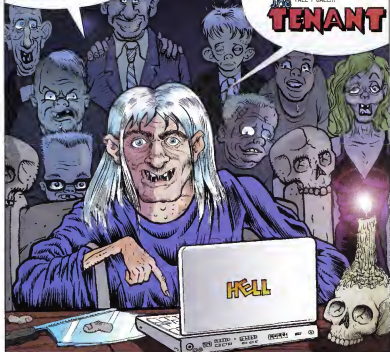


THE CRYPT OF TERROR

WELCOME TO MY "OPEN CRYPT"
BOILS AND GHOULS! SINCE SHIPPING
OUT THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-
KEEPER I'VE BEEN LOOKING TO RENT
OUT MY TOMBS-WITH-A-VIEW!

MY ONLINE POST ON CRAZED'S LIST HAS
GOTTEN TERRIFIC RESULTS! JUST LOOK AT
ALL THESE APPLICANTS DYING TO RENT
SPACE IN MY COZY CRYPT!
REMINDS ME OF A
TALE I CALL...

The
TENANT



NUMBER 613 1869 AVENUE HAS BEEN BETTER DAYS.

THROUGH GRIMY WINDOWS, ITS TENANTS WATCH SNOWFLAKES COVER THE STREETS WITH A FINE WHITE COAT, KNOWING THAT THE SNOW HEALS A COLD THAT WON'T BE HELD BACK BY SHODDY INSULATION AND IRREGULAR BLASTS OF HEAT.

YES, LIFE AT 613 1869 AVENUE IS HARD IF YOU ASK ANYONE. ANYONE EXCEPT JAMES WINCHELL, ITS CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD.

"BY! WHEN YOU SONNA FIXXA HEAT? AIN'T BEEN WOOKIN' FOR DAYS!"

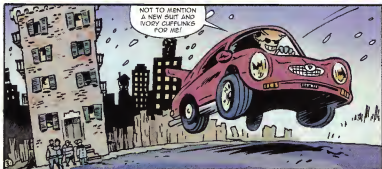
"--TWO-YEAR LEASE AND YOU WANT TO RAISE US BY THIRTY PER-CENT?"

"WINSTER WINCHELL! WE SEEN WAITIN' ONNA NEW PRIDE FOR A WEEK!"

"PEOPLE, PEOPLE--"

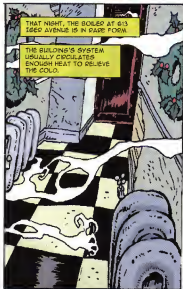




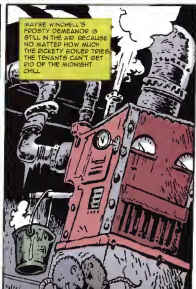


THAT NIGHT, THE BOILER AT 813
ICEO AVENUE IS IN RAPE FORM.

THE BUILDING'S SYSTEM
USUALLY CIRCULATES
ENOUGH HEAT TO RELIEVE
THE COLD.



WAYNE WINCHELL'S
FROSTY GEMANOR IS
STILL IN THE AIR BECAUSE
NO MATTER HOW MUCH
THE DICKETY BOILER TRIES
THE TENANTS CAN'T GET
RID OF THE MIDNIGHT
CHILL.



THE TENANTS MAKE DO WITH
COVERS AND LAYERS, HUGGING
FOR WARMTH.



BUT NO AMOUNT OF BLANKETS
CAN SAVE MRS. EUGENIA F. WILKES
IN APARTMENT 9-B.



IN THE MORNING, SOMEBODY
CALLS THE PARAMEDICS



THE PARAMEDICS, IN
TURN, CALL THE POLICE

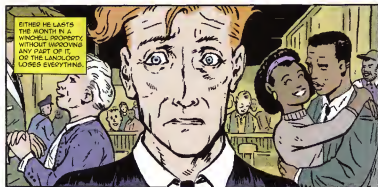
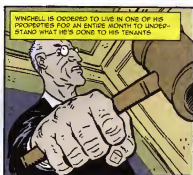
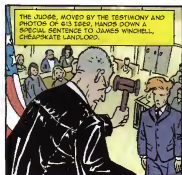
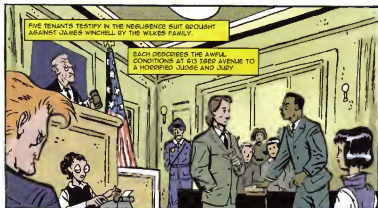


THE POLICE
CALL ON
MRS. WILKES'
GRANDSON



AND AFTER AN
APPROPRIATE AMOUNT
OF GRIEVING, MRS.
WILKES' GRANDSON
CALLS HIS LAWYER.

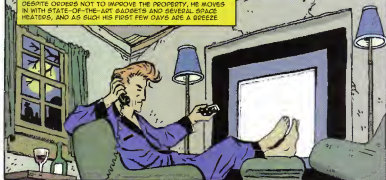






THE BUILDING IS CURRENTLY EMPTY, AND JAMES WINCHELL IS PROUD THAT HE CONVINCED THE COURT TO INSTALL HIM IN HIS ONLY PROPERTY THAT HAS NO TENANTS

DESPITE ORDERING NOT TO IMPROVE THE PROPERTY, HE MOVES IN WITH STATE-OF-THE-ART SADDLETS AND SEVERAL SPACE HEATERS, AND AS SUCH HIS FIRST FEW DAYS ARE A BREEZE



BUT ON THE THIRD NIGHT...



COLD COLD
COLD COLD COLD
COLD...!

MUST'VE
BLOWN A
FUSE.



OKAY, BOILER.
BOILER. WHERE'S
THE BOILER?

HOW HARD
CAN IT BE TO GET
SOME HEAT GOING? IF
CAVEMEN CAN DO IT
WITH
TWO STICKS, I'M SURE I
CAN DO IT

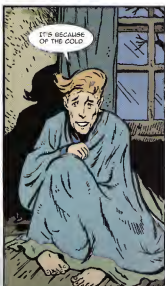


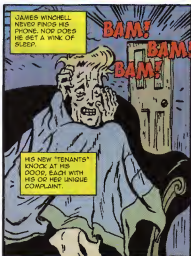


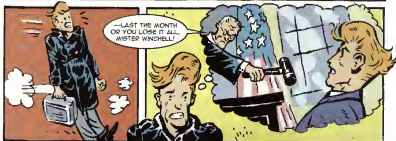
SERIOUSLY, WHERE'S THE SUPER WHEN YOU NEED HIM?





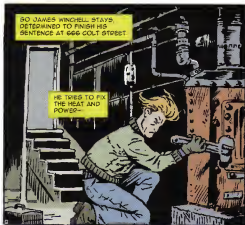






SO JAMES WINCHELL STAYS,
DETERMINED TO FINISH HIS
SENTENCE AT 666 COLT STREET.

HE TRIES TO FIX
THE HEAT AND
POWER—



BUT THE BUILDING IS
IN SUCH DISREPAIR
THAT NOTHING WORKS.



AND AS NIGHT FALLS AND
BRINGS THE WINTER CHILL...



ANOTHER OF WINCHELL'S
TENANTS ARRIVES WITH A
COMPLAINT.

HELLOP
MISTER
WINCHELL?

**NOK
NOK
NOK**







SEE?
DISGRACEFUL.

I LIKE A
TIDY PLOT, MISTER
WINCHELL. IF YOU'D
BE SO KIND...?

WH-WHAT?
YOU WANT
ME TO...?



NO! I MEAN, NO,
I CAN'T! I WON'T
LEAVE ME ALONE!

BUT DEAD,
IT'S YOUR
JOB.

HEH...HAHAHA!
NO, IT'S NOT!
I'M THE LANDLORD...
I JUST OWN THE
BUILDING! I'M NOT
THE CARETAKER.



YOU GOT A
PROBLEM, TAKE
IT UP WITH HIM!

OOOH!



CARETAKER DIED
50X MONTHS
AGO.

SO FIX
THE LADY'S
GRAVE
EY?





AND SO JAMES WINCHELL CLEANS
AND JAMES WINCHELL FIXES

HE REPAINTS HEADSTONES, TELLS
MOSS AND CLEANS EACH GRAVE



HE CLEANS EACH GRAVE AND HOPES THAT
HIS TENANTS WILL LEAVE HIM BE



A MONTH GOES
BY AND JAMES
WINCHELL RE-
TURNS TO HIS
COMFORTABLE
LIFE AND FANCY
APARTMENT...



BUT EACH
MORNING HE
RETURNS TO
666 COLT
STREET TO FIX
THE PLOTS,
MORGUES AND
CRYPTS

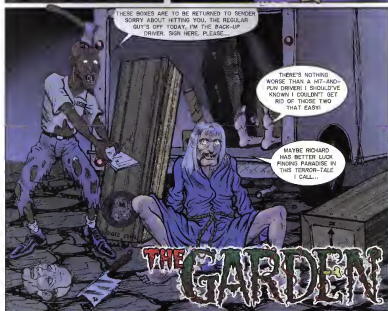


EACH DAY THE LINE BLURS A LITTLE MORE BETWEEN TENANT
AND LANDLORD AS JAMES WINCHELL ASSUMES HIS FATE
AS BOTH CARPENTER AND LANDLORD TO THE DEAD.

AND SO WE LEAVE JAMES WINCHELL, CHEAPSKATE LANDLORD OF 613 156R AVENUE AND 686 COLT STREET, MAKING UP FOR A LIFETIME OF POOR CARPETAKING BY FINALLY LEARNING TO DO IT PROPERLY, DAY AFTER DAY, NIGHT AFTER NIGHT...

...BECAUSE IF HE DOESN'T, LIKE MANY OF HIS PROPERTIES, HE'LL NEVER AGAIN SEE BETTER DAYS.





THE GATE DOESN'T CREAK
WHEN YOU OPEN IT. FOR
SOME REASON THIS FACT
LEAPS OUT AT YOU AS
SOON AS YOU ARRIVE,
DOESN'T IT, RICHARD?

THE HINGES ARE WELL
OILED, A FRESH COAT
OF PAINT SUSTAINS,
AND THERE'S NOT A
SPOT OF RUST ON IT.



THE SWEETNESS OF WILDFLOWERS
GOBBING IN THE SUN TICKLE YOUR
NOSE. THE CHIRPINS OF TINY SONG-
BIRDS COMFORTS YOUR EARS.

THE TREE BOWS,
THEY DROOP WITH
FRUIT.





MORE SUCCULENT THAN ANYTHING YOU'VE EVER TASTED BEFORE.

THICK CURLS OF GRAPEVINES SWATHED THE SURROUNDING WALLS, RIPE FOR THE VINEYARD.



JUST AS THEY SAID, RUNNING WATER BUBBLES EVERYWHERE.

FOR YOU, THAT WAS ONE OF THE SELLING POINTS OF THE PLACE.



YES, EVERYTHING IN THIS GARDEN, YOUR GARDEN, CONFORMS PRECISELY TO YOUR SPECIFICATIONS.

EVEN THOUGH YOU'VE NEVER LAID EYES ON IT BEFORE.

YOU TOOK THE BUS
TO YOUR NEW HOME.



YOU PACKED LIGHTLY
FOR THE TRIP.

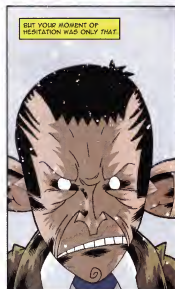


YOU HAD PLANNED FOR THE JOURNEY FOR
WEEKS, MADE ALL OF THE ARRANGEMENTS, SET
THE AFFAIRS OF YOUR OLD LIFE IN ORDER.



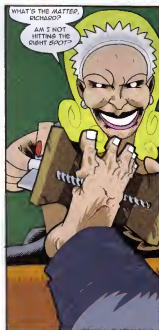
BUT STILL WHEN THE MOMENT OF EMBAR-
KATION WAS SET RIGHT BEFORE YOU, WHERE
YOU COULD SEE IT PLAIN.















IT'S THE ONLY
WAY OUT OF THE
ROOM, RICHARD!

THE ONLY WAY!



DIDN'T THINK SO!



IT'S EVEN MORE PAINFUL THAN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE, WHICH YOU DIDN'T THINK POSSIBLE.

JABBED GLASS CUTTING, SLICING, TEARING.



YOUR THROBBING FEET SLAP AND SLIDE AND SKID ON THE SUDDEN SLICKNESS OF THE FLOOR!

YOUR PUSHERS, HOWEVER, ARE NOT SO HINDERED.



THIS IS NO TIME TO CATCH YOUR BREATH, RICHARD! YOU CAN HEAR THE CRUNCHING OF THEIR HEAVY BOOTS ON THE GLASS RIGHT BEHIND YOU!

KEEP RUNNING, RICHARD!

DON'T STOP...











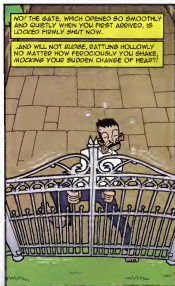




ESCAPE? THAT'S ALL THAT BURNS
IN YOUR BRAIN NOW!

YOUR DREAMS OF
LUXURY---FORGOTTEN!

PAST GLORIES---
CRUMBLED INTO DUST!



NO! THE GATE, WHICH OPENED SO SMOOTHLY
AND QUIETLY WHEN YOU FIRST ARRIVED, IS
LOCKED FIRMLY SHUT NOW.

...AND WILL NOT BUDGE, BATTING HOLLOWLY
NO MATTER HOW FEROCIOUSLY YOU SHAKE,
MOCKING YOUR SUDDEN CHANGE OF HEART!



YOU HAD NO SUCH CHANGE OF
HEART ONCE YOU WERE ACTUALLY
ON THE BUS, THOUGH, DID YOU,
RICHARD?

NO...YOUR NEW FRIENDS HELPED
YOU MAKE THE VIDEO THE NIGHT
BEFORE. THE ONE WHERE YOU
TOLD THE NEWS MEDIA...

...AS WELL AS YOUR PARENTS, WHO NEVER QUITE UNDERSTOOD YOU. THE GIRLFRIENDS WHO DRIFTED AWAY FROM YOU AND YOUR COLDNESS...



THE NEIGHBORS WHO SHUNNED YOU AS SOME KIND OF WEIRDO...THE CO-WORKERS, THE BOSS WHO NEVER SAW YOU AS ANYTHING OTHER THAN A FACELESS COB...

...ALL THE WAY UP TO THE POLITICIANS AND THE GENERALS, THEIR HANDS DRIPPING WITH THE BLOOD OF INNOCENTS

...THE PURVEYORS OF SHIT THAT PASSES FOR ENTERTAINMENT THESE DAYS...



...YOU TOLD THEM ALL IN YOUR VIDEO, DIDN'T YOU, RICHARD? YOU TOLD THEM THE COMMITMENT YOU HAD MADE!

SO YOU COULDN'T LET YOURSELF BE ARRESTED. NOW COULD YOU, BEFORE YOUR TASK WAS COMPLETED? WITH THAT VIDEO AS CONCRETE EVIDENCE OF YOUR FAILURE?

THE HUMILIATION WOULD BE WORSE THAN ANYTHING YOU COULD IMAGINE...



--THE SHARE THAT YOU HAD ROTCHED THE ONE, SIMPLE DUTY YOUR NEW FRIENDS, YOUR FELLOW WARRIORS HAD ENTRUSTED YOU WITH--



--TO BECOME A
SUICIDE BOMBER?





NO...IT'S NOT
FAIR...

...THEY
SAID...IF I DID
WHAT THEY SAID...I'D
GAIN...AUTOMATIC
ENTRY...

...INTO
PARADISE...



INCREDIBLE! THE WOUNDS ON YOUR FEET--THEY
HEALED ALMOST AS SOON AS YOU RECEIVED THEM.

BUT THEN, PERHAPS...THAT
WOULD STAND TO REASON.

AFTER ALL, NO ONE CAN DIE
IN THE AFTERLIFE.



FOR THE AFTERLIFE IS WHAT THIS IS.

BUT PARADISE?

APPARENTLY NOT



FOR THEY'RE HERE. THEY'RE ALL HERE, RICHARD.



...EVERY SINGLE PERSON YOU MURDERED ON THAT BUS IS HERE, RICHARD.



AND BECAUSE ALL THE WOUNDS YOU RECEIVE WILL QUICKLY HEAL, THEY CAN SHOW YOU HOW. GRATEFUL THEY ARE TO YOU FOR SENDING THEM HERE.



FOREVER





THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER

Heh, heh! Greetings, kiddies, welcome to a quaint space-filling tradition called... a LETTERS PAGE. Nowadays, all we get in the mail are bills and ANTHRAX! Back in the days, fans sent letters opining on our terror yarns, and ranked which ones they liked and feared most! Well, **"THE CRYPT-KEEPER'S CORNER"** is back and open for business! Let's start with a couple of initial responses to the online preview of "Body of Work" by Marc Bulgrin and Mr. Evers.



Subject: TTFC art!

Wow, after seeing the art examples for your new Tales from the Crypt comic, all I can say is, "OUCH!" I am not commenting on the writing, as the art kept me from taking the time to read any of it. Perhaps you are trying to market this to young kids who have never come in contact with the original comics and reprints.

Regardless... all of the EC FanAddicts I have heard from feel that this stuff is really hard to look at. I have only seen the one artist that you have featured, and if this is the best you can come up with after being in the comics business for decades.... I suggest you go to the San Diego Comic Con and try to hire some "real" horror artist. Tomb Tales put out a similar product.... covers by real EC artists and interior pages that were hot and mss. It was a massive failure.

I can't say if you will do well with your product, but if you are counting on true EC fans to buy this stuff, you will probably be disappointed unless you invest in better art. The current art is too childish and the colorist should be painting circus wagons. Horror can be funny, but it needs to look scary.

Respectfully disappointed,

Bill Leisch, Editor/publisher

Horror From The Crypt Of Fear

Sa, Billy, you're not planning to join the Mr. Evers Fan Club, are you?

Subject: Thanks for ruining one of the greatest horror comics of all time!

This has to be a joke, right? I was very much looking forward to the Tales from the Crypt comic. I looked at the preview art for the book and it's safe to say you destroyed any chance on it being redeeming. I won't be supporting this and I am quite angry another company didn't pick it up. What demo-graphic are you trying to cater too? Adults!!!!

Phil Koza

Why, we want our demon graphics to appeal to all demographics, Phil! Now let's hear from some dead-heads who actually bought our premiere Papercuts masterpiece...

Subject: Great To See Tales From The Crypt Is Back... From The Dead

Hey!!!, I must say I was ecstatic to hear that Tales From The Crypt was being resurrected for a whole new generation to enjoy. I, being a child of the 80's, was not able to enjoy the Crypt's initial run. I was only able to read reprints and watch the television series. That's why when I picked up my first issue of Tales From The Crypt I had a gleam of hope in my eye. I was going to read a Tales From The Crypt that hardly anyone had read yet. Whereas with the reprints nothing was new and exciting anymore because it had been poorly imitated numerous times over. It's just great knowing there is going to be new stories coming from my favorite ghoul, the Crypt-Keeper. Keep up the good work!

Pat

Lockport, IL

Thanks, Pat, for your kind thoughts!

Subject: Tales from the Crypt

Hey and howdy! Just wanted to shoot you a quick double thumbs up on the release of Tales From The Crypt issue #1 this week. Loved it. Absolutely, wholeheartedly loved it. Takes me back to the good old days of the original series. I had never gotten the opportunity to read them when they were released "live," but I certainly picked them up when I found out about them in later years. During my formative educational "hey, comics are cool" years.

How much did I love this issue? Well, I wrote a review and posted it online:

<http://nond.permutedpress.com/index.php?archives/37-Tales-From-The-Crypt-Issue-1-pub-Papercuts.html>

Hope you like it.

Zombie Zak

Love us or hate us, thanks to everyone who took the time and trouble to write us! Now tell us what you thought of our sickly sinister second issue. Send your letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your crazed commentaries to our egomaniacal editor at: salscrap@papercuts.com.

That's all for now! Don't miss **TALES FROM THE CRYPT #3** for more misunderstood madness and possibly even...a lunatic letter from YOU!



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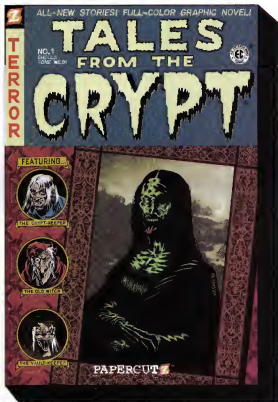
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Zorro, Buckaroo Banzai
Doc Savage, The Spider
The Avenger,
Captain Midnight
Captain Action, The Cisco Kid**

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E.C. FANS!

YOU'VE WRITTEN!
YOU'VE E-MAILED!
YOU'VE PHONED!
YOU'VE THREATENED US!
SO HERE IT IS! THE COLLECTION!
YOU'VE DEMANDED!



COLLECTING STORIES BY MARC BILGREY & MR. EXES, ROB VOLLMAR
& TIM SMITH 3, NEIL KLEID & STEVE MANNION - PLUS AN
ALL-NEW STORY BY DON MCGREGOR & SHO MURASE!

ON SALE OCTOBER AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE!



PAPERCUT Z

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TERRIFYING ISSUE OF THE ALL-NEW...

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

BASED ON THE CLASSIC EC COMICS SERIES



RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO WILLIAM M. GAINES, AL FELDSTEIN,
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EVANS, GRAHAM INGELS, JACK KAMEN, BERNIE KRIGSTEIN, HARVEY
KURTZMAN, JOE ORLANDO, GEORGE ROUSSOS, MARIE SEVERIN, AL
WILLIAMSON, AND WALLY WOOD.

"A MURDERIN' IDOL"

MORT TODD
WRITER
STEVE MANNION
ARTIST
DIGIKORE
COLOR
MARK LERER
LETTERER



THE CRYPT-KEEPER

"SLABBED"

STEFAN PETRUCHA
WRITER
DON HUDSON
ARTIST
DIGIKORE
COLOR
MARK LERER
LETTERER

GHOULUNATICS SEQUENCES

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STEVE MANNION
COVER ARTIST

TERRY'S WRITER



THE PUBLISHER

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TERROR

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

FEATURING...



THE CRYPT-KEEPER



THE OLD WITCH



THE VAULT-KEEPER



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**A MURDERIN'
IDOL!** AS NOT
SEEN ON TV!



IT'S A RUTHY TENEMENT
PLAT' A WANNABE SUPER-
STAR HAS OVERLEAF

I'M HERE AT
THE FIRST DAY OF
TRYOUTS FOR NEXT
SEASON'S EDITION OF
POPSTAR IDOL--

OH, NO! WHY
DIDN'T YOU WAKE
ME UP? YOU KNEW
I WANTED TO BE
THERE, SLODIN!

--AS YOU CAN
SEE, THE CROWD IS
IMMENSE! MANY HAVE
BEEN IN LINE FOR DAYS
TO GET THEIR CHANCE TO
AUDITION FOR THE
HIT SHOW!

OH, JAYSAN! LOOK
HOW MANY PEOPLE
ARE THERE! YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE
A CHANCE OF
GETTING IN!

I'VE GOT TO TRY! THIS
IS MY BIG CHANCE TO
BE A SUPERSTAR!

I KNOW I'VE GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO
BE THE NEXT IDOL! EVEN THOUGH I
HAVEN'T SUNG PROFESSIONALLY, I'VE
GOT THE LOOKS, THE MOVES AND
AN INCREDIBLE SINGING
VOICE!

MY MOM
TOLD ME
SO!

YOU
SHOULD BE
LOOKING FOR
A REAL JOB
INSTEAD OF
LIVING IN YOUR
FANTASY
WORLD!



DEJECTED BUT DETERMINED,
THE POTENTIAL POPSTAR
WANDERS BACK HOME...

DARN IT! I'M GONNA GET
IN LINE LATER TONIGHT TO
MAKE SURE I GET IN! I'D
SELL MY SOUL TO GET
ON THAT SHOW!



PREOCCUPIED WITH HIS THOUGHTS, HE
DOESN'T NOTICE A LARGE BOOK BLOCKING
HIS PATH AND STUMBLES OVER IT...



WHAT TH---? WHERE DID
THAT DARN THING COME
FROM?



BOOK OF
DREAM FULFILLMENT?
THIS THING LOOKS
ANCIENT AS
HELL!





COPYING THE ARCANIC FIGURES FROM THE BOOK, HE CONTEMPLATES HIS NEXT STEP...

I'M SUPPOSED TO GIVE A BLOOD OFFERING TO SUMMON A DEMON TO GRANT MY WISH. B-BUT I CAN'T KILL SOMETHING... OR CAN I? I'VE GOT TO WIN ON POPSTAR IDOL!



PLACING A MOUSETRAP ON THE RUNE, HE LOADS IT WITH HEAPS OF PEANUT BUTTER...

GLORIA'S BEEN BUBBLING ME ABOUT GETTING RID OF THE MICE IN THE APARTMENT, SO I'LL MAKE HER WISH COME TRUE, TOO!



HIDING IN THE SHADOWS, JAYSAN DOESN'T HAVE TO WAIT LONG...

HA! IT WORKED! NOW WHAT?!



BEFORE HIS ASTONISHED EYES, THE DEAD MOUSE IS CONSUMED IN FLAMES AND A STRANGE SMOKE RISES WITH AN OFFENSIVE SULFURIC SMELL!







AND TRUE TO THE DEMON'S PROMISE, JAY'S AN AUDITION BEFORE SYLMON BOWELL, APAULA O'DOUL, AND RENELL JAXON!





PULLING FREE FROM JAYSAN, SLODIA
SLIPS ON SOME SOAPY WATER AND...



OH NO! SLODIA!
ARE YOU OKAY?



THERE IS NO RESPONSE AS HER
LIFELESS BODY STARTS TO IGNITE
ON TOP THE DEMONIC SYMBOLS!



A BIGGER
DEMON!

YOU
SUMMONED ME?
WHAT IS YOUR
WISH?











BUT JAYSAN DOES
HAVE HIS DOUBTS.

I'LL HAVE TO
MAKE SURE I'LL
MAKE ANOTHER
OFFERING SO BIG
I'LL HAVE
TO WIN!



THE NEXT DAY AT REHEARSAL.

EVEN THOUGH
IT'S EVERY MAN FOR
HIMSELF, GOOD LUCK,
JAYSAN! I--WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

ER, I'M
AN ARTIST IN MY
SPARE TIME AND THIS
IS A GOOD LUCK
SYMBOL I LIKE
TO DRAW!



HEY, WHATEVER! IT'S
KINDA ODD, BUT IF IT
WORKS FOR YOU--



WHOMP!

ACCKK!





I KILLED HIM! AND THOSE
FLAMES WILL CONSUME
ALL EVIDENCE OF WHAT
I DID!



WOW! THIS IS THE BIGGEST
DEMON YET! HE'S SURE TO
GRANT ME MY ULTIMATE
WISH!

I WANT
TO WIN POPSTAR
IDOL!!!

NOT SO
FAST!



THOUGH THIS MAY BE YOUR GREATEST
OFFERING YET, IT IS STILL NOT ENOUGH!
ALL I CAN GUARANTEE IS THAT YOU WILL
BECOME A FINALIST. THE REST IS
UP TO YOU!

WHAT DO I
HAVE TO DO?
MURDER THE WHOLE
AUDIENCE?

**KNOCK
KNOCK**



SORRY TO INTERRUPT...
ISN'T GEDRIC HERE WITH
YOU? AND WHAT'S THAT
SMELL?

UM, NO, I HAVEN'T
SEEN HIM, AND I'M
AFRAID I HAVE
A LITTLE GAS
PROBLEM WHEN
I'M NERVOUS!





ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE FINAL SHOW, JAYSAN ARRANGES A MEETING WITH SYLWON.







YES! I
AM THE ULTIMATE
DEMON! I HAVE USED MY
POSITION OF PRODUCING
TALENT SHOWS TO COL-
LECT NUMEROUS LOST
SOULS!

NO! YOU-
YOU--



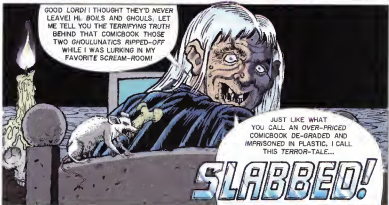
AAAAH!



...YOU ARE
NOW POPSTAR
IDOL OF HELL
WHERE YOU WILL
PERFORM YOUR
SHAKING TO AN
ADORING AUDI-
ENCE... FOR ALL
ETERNITY!!

NO! NOOOOO!

THE END











RICO? Y-Y-
YOU'RE HERE
ALREADY?

YEAH.

IS MY
MONEY HERE,
TOO?



N-N-NOT YET
BUT I'M ON MY WAY
TO S-S-SELL THIS!

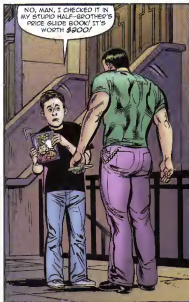
JUST US
LEAGUE #1.
BIE' NICE.



BUT THAT THING
LOOKS LIKE IT'S
BEEN READ
A LOT.

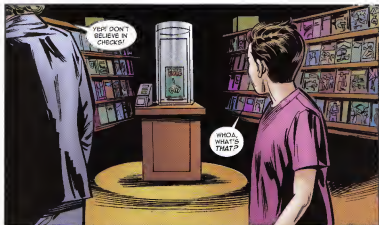
AIN'T WORTH SO
MUCH IF IT'S BEEN
READ A LOT, SOME-
THING COMES OFF
THE PRICE.

WHICH MEANS
I MAY HAVE TO
TAKE SOMETHING
OFF YOU.

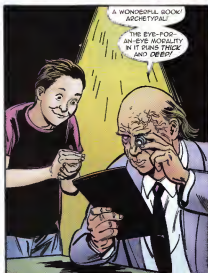




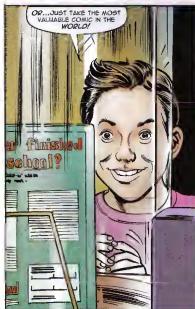








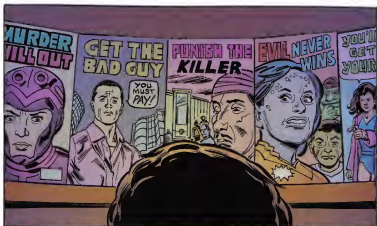














IT'S NOT POSSIBLE!
THAT WAS THE OLD
MAN'S FACE!



IT'S SOME KIND
OF TRICK!



THAT'S NOT A WALL!
IT'S SOME KIND OF
PLASTIC!





I MUST BE
DREAMING!

ANY SECOND
NOW, I'M GOING
TO WAKE UP! I
KNOW IT!



SOMEONE
WAKE ME UP!

AFTER A LIFETIME OF COLLECTING
HEROES, I FINALLY FIGURED IT WAS
TIME TO COLLECT A FEW VILLAINS
TO BALANCE THINGS!

IT'D NO
IDEA HOW EASY
IT WOULD BE!

HA-HA-HA-
HA!



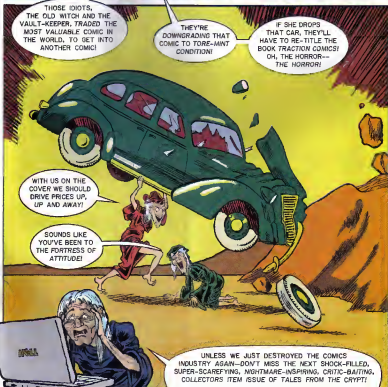
THE END



YOU KNOW, KIDDIES, IT'S JUVENILE DELINQUENTS SUCH AS DERRICK THAT GIVE COMICS A REALLY BAD NAME!

OH, NO! WHAT'S THIS?!

HELL



THOSE IDIOTS, THE OLD WITCH AND THE VAULT-KEEPER, TRADED THE MOST VALUABLE COMIC IN THE WORLD, TO GET INTO ANOTHER COMIC!

THEY'RE DOWNGRADING THAT COMIC TO TORE-MINT CONDITION!

IF SHE DROPS THAT CAR, THEY'LL HAVE TO RE-TITLE THE BOOK TRACTION COMICS! OH, THE HORROR--- THE HORROR!

WITH US ON THE COVER WE SHOULD DRIVE PRICES UP, UP AND AWAY!

SOUNDS LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TO THE FORTRESS OF ATTITUDE!

UNLESS WE JUST DESTROYED THE COMICS INDUSTRY AGAIN--DON'T MISS THE NEXT SHOCK-FILLED, SUPER-SCAREFYING, NIGHTMARE-INSPIRING, CRITIC-BAITING, COLLECTORS ITEM ISSUE OF TALES FROM THE CRYPT!



Salutations, you CRAZED CONSUMERS of PUTRID PAPER-CUTZ PUBLICATIONS! Time once again for our VICIOUS VERBAL exchanges, regarding our previous phantasmaGORYcal issues!

But first, here's the SHOCKING results of the voting on *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* #2! "THE TENANT" by Neil Kleid and Steve Mazzoni just narrowly beat out "THE GARDEN" by Fred Van Lente and Mr. Essex as BEAST, er, best story!

For any of you FOOLISH FRIGHT-FANS who missed our first two TERROR-FILLED issues, I've got good news for you! Our GREEDY publishers have rushed paperback and hardcover books into print collecting most of those stories — they're cleverly called *TALES FROM THE CRYPT* #1 "Ghouls Gone Wild!" and it's on sale now at BOOKSTORES everywhere! There's even an all-new TERROR-TALE by Don McGregor and Sho Murase called "RUNWAY ROADKILL!" that's to DIE for!

Subject: Tales from the Crypt!

It's hard to put into words exactly how happy I was to discover that PaperCutz is publishing new TFC comics (and I am NOT a comic book person). I was always a huge fan of the show, but have never had the good fortune to get my hands on one of the comics. So I settled for perceiving the guys at my local comic store (monthly) for anything similar. I managed to find a compilation of "The House of Mystery," but hungered for more. Today, I got it. And I'm stoked I am dying (ha ha) for the next issue to hot the stands. Thanks so much for resurrecting this awesome comic. I'll be with you guys till the end.

Natalie Vazquez,
Puerto Rico

Just wait the end, Natalie? What kind of fickle fan are you?

Subject: New Tales From the Crypt Comics

Hallo, I am writing in regards to your new Tales From the Crypt comicbook series. While I appreciate your efforts to revive such a quality publication, I feel that you are going about it incorrectly. You say that you want to keep true to the original, yet you've toned down the content to such a degree, that it doesn't even resemble the horrors from half a century ago. Even though it may seem somewhat tame now, back in the day, Tales from the Crypt was considered very edgy and gory. Had it not been for the atmosphere at the time, it would have been even more visceral! Now, standards are such that you can get away with putting a lot more violent content in comicbooks. By toning down the blood, you are not only abiding by standards that are over half a century old, but you are being less gory than even the original comics were!

I also feel that you do not understand the way Tales from the Crypt "shock" endings work. You acknowledge and utilize shock at the end, but not in the way they were intended. You can't just have some random twist at the end, it has to have a social message to it (a "perisidy"). Additionally, the end is typically met with a bloody surprise. This final panel is met with a narrative box that describes the gore-shock in great detail, which gives the reader a better description and creates a sense of uneasiness.

Now, we have to talk about the artwork. I don't expect you to mimic the realistic noir-esque panels of the original to a tee, but at least give it a shot. Your artwork in these new comics doesn't even look remotely realistic. It looks like something out of a damn Nickelodeon cartoon!

In closing, I would like to ask you to please reconsider your new vision of these comics or discontinue them and let the crypt rest peacefully while you concentrate on Nancy Drew or something.

Nathan Wakefield

I feel your pain, Nathan. Unfortunately, I'm stuck with Sallcrap as editor!

Subject: TFC Stories

I've read some of the comments about the art seeming like it's geared more towards young children. And while I somewhat agree with that... the stories are quite good and very mature! I thought that they were very nostalgic of the classic EC Tales from The Crypt comics. In the last issue I really enjoyed "The Garden," it kept me guessing all the way 'til the end. But "The Tenant" was definitely my favorite. It really reminded me of the typical 'Poetic Justice' that was often dealt from the old Tales from The Crypt stories.

CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT ISSUE!!

Jeremy Seth Brauner
Tustin, CA

No need to wait, Jeremy—it's here!

Subject: smiling to you, dear

My dear friend, I am poetry and passionate Ukrainian woman, but I am lonely. My heart dies without love as beautiful flower dies without water. I need to love and to be beloved as rose needs to be watered every day. I need kisses and love as no flower can't live without sunny rays. Waiting for your response.

Joel

Get back to me after you die, Joel! (Got to get a new spam-filter!)

Subject: Thanks for renaming the greatest comic of all time.

Hi, I've been a fan of Tales from the Crypt for a long time now. Too young for the initial run, but I read a bunch of the reprints, and watched the show. I just finished the new issue #2, and have to say the new comics completely and totally lived up to the originals, the stories are just as creepy, and the art is just completely fabulous. My only complaint is that there is no possibility to get a subscription to "TFC." Just leaving my opinion, and asking if you are going to also revive the "Vault of Horror" and "Haunt of Fear"? Thanks,

A Fan

An interesting query, Al! What do the rest of you EC Fan-Addicts think?

As for subscRYPTions, just send us a check or money order, in US funds only, for \$24.00 for a one-year, six-issue subscription to TALES FROM THE CRYPT. Subscriptions begin with the next issue published after we receive your order.

Subject: Keep up the good work!

Hey, I'd just like to say that I LOVE YOUR TALES FROM THE CRYPT COMICS!! I still love the originals, but these are easier for me to read (I'm 13). The artwork is semi-good in "The Garden" though. My favorite comic so far was in issue #2 called "The Tenant." Keep up the terror-ific work! Thank you to the people and my favorite dead-wood star, The Crypt-Keeper! I am in love with the HBO series but most defiantly the comics! I grew up with them since my parents are horror fiend-itis! Love the comics and love the gore!

Maggot Kisses,
Lesley

Thanks, Lesley! If we haven't rotted your young mind yet, maybe we will next issue!

That's all for now! Don't miss TALES FROM THE CRYPT #4—featuring virtual madness by Neil Kleid and Chris North entitled "Extra Life" and a prescient preachy by Dun McGregor, James Romberger and Marguerite Van Cook called "Crystal Clear!"

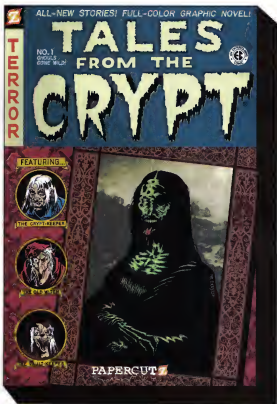
And keep those emails and letters coming, kiddies! Tell us what you thought of this teratoid, yet transcendental third issue. Send your letters to:

The Crypt-Keeper's Corner
40 Exchange Place, Suite 1308
New York, NY 10005

Or email your critical commentaries to our egomaniacal editor at: sallcrap@papercrete.com.

E.C. FANS!

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